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SOME PHASES OF MODERN MATHEMATICS

The study of mathematics needs no defense. As some one has said, "every one must count and measure or perish." This sentiment may, however, seem a little irrelevant in speaking of higher mathematics, with which we are chiefly concerned in this article. I have not time or space here to refer to the recognized utility of mathematics as a mental drill or as the useful hand-maiden of the arts and sciences. "I hate mathematics" is not an uncommon saying, but surely only the ignoramus would seriously venture to add "it is of no use." The empirical and observational sciences all come to mathematics for help and all bow before it as a science superior to themselves; and the pure mathematician is only too glad to have an opportunity of lending aid to engineering, astronomy, physics, chemistry and other sciences, and on the other hand he realizes that he gets much inspiration and much material aid from these sciences.

But while the larger and more valuable fruits of pure mathematics are to be found in applied mathematics, we can not overlook the fact that, though such abstract reasoning seems dry and unprofitable to some minds, the study of pure mathematics, even outside of its sphere as a mental exercise of the highest order, is uplifting in itself and opens up visions of the true and the beautiful in a way that no inexact science can do. While the writer has in mind, in this paper, these sweeter and better flavored fruits of pure mathematics, he does not mean in the least to disparage applied mathematics, for which he has the greatest respect and admiration. The former is really the mathematics of

precision, the latter, the mathematics of approximation, but the gulf between them is not a broad one.

I think I may safely say that very few people, even among the most cultivated and best educated, have the faintest idea what the great mathematicians of the day are doing, and in what channels mathematical thought has directed itself during the past hundred years. The very names of the world's best mathematical workers are scarcely known outside of a very limited circle of scientists. Now there are some facts concerning the development of mathematics in recent times that can perhaps, even in the limited time at my disposal, be amplified enough to be of some interest to the general reader. Although I propose to write of modern mathematics, let us go back for a moment (by so doing we shall really be sounding the key-note of modern thought) to first principles by asking the question: *What is mathematics?*

For curiosity, if for no better reason, I turn to the "Century Dictionary," and find its definition to be "mathematics is the science of quantity: the study of ideal constructions (often applicable to real problems) and the discovery thereby of relations between the parts of these constructions before unknown." Owing to necessary limitations of space in a work such as the "Century Dictionary," perhaps this definition could not be greatly improved upon; but it is nevertheless entirely inadequate when we call to mind such subjects as projective geometry, the theory of groups, and many other phases of recent mathematical development. Not to do injustice to this dictionary, I ought to add that further light is thrown upon the subject by quotations from Clifford, and there is also given the celebrated definition of Benjamin Peirce: "Mathematics is the science which draws necessary conclusions."

That keen thinker, Professor Simon Newcomb,¹ defines mathematics as "the science which reasons about the relations of magnitudes and numbers, considered simply as quantities admitting of increase, decrease and comparison." Professor Chrystal,² the well-known English mathematician, suggests in part the

¹ In Johnson's "Universal Cyclopædia."

² Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol. XV.

following definition: "Any conception which is definitely and completely determined by means of a finite number of specifications, say by assigning a finite number of elements, is a mathematical conception." "A triangle," for example, being defined by three elements (a finite number) is a mathematical conception; "a man" is a *non*-mathematical conception, for no finite number of elements is sufficient for an adequate definition.

Now these scholars had no intention of laying down dogmatically a precise definition. No mathematician was ever satisfied with a definition of mathematics. Professor Bôcher, of Harvard, at the St. Louis Congress of Arts and Sciences, delivered an address, on "Fundamental Conceptions and Methods of Mathematics," in which he discusses at some length possible answers to the question: What is mathematics? Among other things, he says: "in order to reach a satisfactory conclusion as to what really characterizes mathematics, one of two methods is open to us. On the one hand we may seek some hidden resemblance in the various objects of mathematical investigation, and having found an aspect common to them all we may fix on this as the one true object of mathematical study. Or, on the other hand, we may abandon the attempt to characterize mathematics by means of its *objects of study*, and seek in its *methods* its distinguishing characteristics. Finally there is the possibility of our combining the two points of view. The first of these methods is that of Kempe, the second will lead us to the definition of Benjamin Peirce, while the third has recently been elaborated at great length by Russell. Other mathematicians have naturally followed out more or less consistently the same ideas, but I shall nevertheless take the liberty of using the names Kempe, Peirce and Russell as convenient designations for these three points of view."

For a rather lengthy and able discussion of these three methods the reader is referred to Bôcher's published address,³ wherein he shows that the three methods of approach to the question lead in the end to results that stand in intimate relation to one another.

³ *Bulletin of the American Mathematical Society*, Vol. XI, No. 3.

Now, in regard to Peirce's definition: *Mathematics is the science which draws necessary conclusions*, I think two questions spring at once to the mind, and, unless these questions can be at least in a measure answered, the definition seems too vague. These questions are: first, what is meant by *necessary* conclusions? and, second, *from what* are these conclusions drawn? I take the word *necessary* to refer to the only legitimate (true) conclusions that can come from the premises be they true or false, that is, the conclusions must come whether the premises are true or false. This makes necessary the second question—*From what are the conclusions drawn?* In the following simple example they are undoubtedly drawn from premises that lead to a result not in accordance with our experience or observation.

Two boys, John and Will, at the same instant, start running on a straight road towards C, Will's starting point (B) being $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles nearer C than John's starting point (A). Will's rate is $\frac{1}{10}$ of a mile a minute. John overtakes Will at a point $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from B. What is John's rate?

We may solve this as follows:

Let x = John's rate, miles per minute.

10 miles = distance run by John.

$\frac{1}{2}$ miles = distance run by Will.

$\frac{10}{x}$ = time John is running.

$\frac{1}{2} \div \frac{1}{10}$ = time Will is running.

$\therefore \frac{1}{2} \div \frac{1}{10} = \frac{10}{x}$; $\therefore 5x = 10$, $x = 2$.

Hence John's rate is *two miles per minute*. Now here we have started with certain premises, and have arrived at *necessary* conclusions. But, bringing to our aid experience and observation, we feel justified in saying that we have reached a result that is anatomically and physiologically absurd, hence we conclude that our premises are faulty. But our mathematics is all right. A conclusion arrived at mathematically will have just as much empirical truth as the premises, no more, no less. So, in a sense, the mathematician is independent of the truth or falsity of a premise. But, on the other hand, it behooves the mathematician to be very careful about his assumptions, when dealing with a problem that bears intimate relations to other

problems using common mathematical conceptions. Peirce's "necessary conclusions" must not be drawn from anything or everything, otherwise our mathematics would consist only of a series of detached propositions in logic.

Where is the *starting point* in a mathematical investigation? In Euclidean Geometry we might say that the starting point is to be found in certain axioms and postulates that are assumed as true. These axioms and postulates come so directly from experience and observation that Geometry has been classed as a natural science rather than a branch of mathematics. In mathematics it is a general principle that nothing must be assumed that can be proved. I cannot, and I would not if I could, enter into philosophical speculations as to the nature of premises; but it seems to me that if we are going to adopt Peirce's definition, the two questions I have asked are pertinent. It is evident that Peirce's definition emphasizes the deductive character of mathematics, but deduction does not constitute even a major part of mathematical truth. Though the hope of coming to any convincing conclusion is slight, I regret that I cannot follow up this subject further; in fact, much of what I have to say must of necessity be suggestive rather than conclusive.

Just one word more as to the nature of mathematics. It is a mistake often met with a few decades ago that mathematics is mainly reasoning, for intuition and imagination come in for a large share of the work.

"Intuitive or self-evident truths are those which are conceived in the mind immediately; that is, which are perfectly conceived by a single process of induction the moment the facts on which they depend are apprehended without the intervention of other ideas."⁴ Simple examples are the axioms of geometry, *e.g.* "a whole is equal to the sum of its parts." I presume that every one feels that he knows this, and would say that it is a self-evident truth. But the truth of some so-called axioms has been questioned, showing that what is apparently self-evident to one mind may not seem so to another. We need no stronger evidence than this to show us that intuition must be used with cau-

⁴ Davies: "Logic and Utility of Mathematics."

tion. It is not peculiar to Geometry, but is used tacitly, if not avowedly, in all branches of mathematics. To the student of the differential calculus, it seems intuitive that every continuous function must have a derivative, that is, that every continuous curve has tangents; but not very many years ago Weierstrass produced a continuous function without derivatives. This discovery came as a shock to the mathematical world. I give it as an example of the fatal weakness of intuition; and, yet, where would we be without intuition?

It is well known, of course, that induction is frequently employed in mathematics. Induction is at once a strong and weak weapon; very powerful in the hands of the skilful man, weak and uncertain when employed by the rash or ignorant. There are numerous instances in mathematics where important principles have been discovered by induction and later, perhaps years afterwards, proved by vigorous deduction.

As great a man as Huxley made the allegation that "Mathematics is that study which knows nothing of observation, nothing of experiment, nothing of induction, nothing of causation." The history of modern mathematical thought refutes this charge. Sylvester, in an address before the British Association in 1869, gave a powerful answer to this sweeping assertion of Mr. Huxley. In part Sylvester said: "Most, if not all, of the great ideas of modern mathematics have had their authority in observation. Lagrange, than whom no greater authority could be quoted, has expressed emphatically his belief in the importance to the mathematician of the faculty of observation; Gauss called mathematics a science of the eye. . . . ; the ever to be lamented Riemann has written a thesis to show that the basis of our conception of space is purely empirical, and our knowledge of its laws the result of observation, that other kinds of space might be conceived to exist subject to laws different from those which govern the actual space in which we are immersed." So spoke Sylvester—a quarter of a century later he could have spoken with even more fervor.

The part played by imagination has perhaps never been sufficiently emphasized, because it is hard to tell exactly where reasoning stops and imagination comes in. It is perhaps this subtle

but strong element that has made some say that mathematics is akin to literature. It was Sylvester, I believe, that said "Mathematics is poetry." Picard⁵ said "The idea of number belongs not only to logic, but to history and psychology." Certain it is that in some phases of mathematics we must look outside its pure realms both for a starting point and for material with which to carry on the investigation.

In the opinion of the writer, hair-splitting theories of philosophy have but little place in mathematics, and mathematics would lose its conservative character if they had.

Professor Schubert⁶ in his "Essay on the Nature of Mathematical Knowledge" aptly says: "The intrinsic character of mathematical research and knowledge is based essentially on three properties: first, on its conservative attitude towards the old truths and discoveries of mathematics; secondly, on its progressive mode of development due to the incessant acquisition of new knowledge on the basis of the old; and, thirdly, on its self-sufficiency and its consequent absolute independence."

I do not claim, however, that mathematics is the exact science, though the most exact of sciences, that the average person imagines it to be. The foundations of mathematics have not always stood the test of stability, though the superstructure has never been in danger of tottering over. Later on we shall see how, during the nineteenth century, these foundations were examined into and materially strengthened. Now all of this is preliminary to the main subject of my paper; and it may be asked why has the writer gone into these questions at all, suggesting difficulties that may not have been apparent, asking questions, and yet not answering them. As one of the main features of modern mathematics is the going back to first principles, my course is perhaps vindicated. It may be that what has been said so briefly and so imperfectly touching fundamental notions will in a measure prepare our minds for some of the wonderful onslaughts of nineteenth century mathematics.

The discovery of the Calculus by Newton and Leibnitz near the

⁵ See translation of his St. Louis Address in Vol. XI, No. 8, of *Bulletin of American Mathematical Society*.

⁶ *Mathematical Essays and Recreations*, translated by T. J. McCormack.

end of the seventeenth century, opened up a new and vast field for mathematical research. The most powerful tool yet devised had been put into the hands of mathematical students. After its queer notation had become familiar, and the principles and details of operations were fairly well understood, calculus became popular and mathematics made great strides.

France and Switzerland took the lead in the eighteenth century in the development of mathematics. A mere mention of the great names of that period is inspiring:—the Bernouillis, Euler, Lagrange, Laplace, Legendre, Fourier, Monge. Towards the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, other countries came to the front, while the French and Swiss continued their magnificent work.¹

Germany had her Gauss, Jacobi, Dirichlet, and more recently such men as Steiner, von Staudt, Plücher, Clebsch, Felix Klein, Weierstrass, Riemann, Fuchs, etc.; England produced DeMorgan, Boole, Hamilton, and more recently Cayley and Sylvester. Russia entered the list with Lobatchewsky; Norway with a mathematical giant, Abel; Italy, with Cremona; Hungary, with her two Bolyais, the United States with Benjamin Peirce, while France, still well to the front, produced Cauchy, Galois, Poncelet, Chasles, and others; and among those now living, Picard, Darboux and Poincaré. These nineteenth century men, as Newton said of himself, have stood on the shoulders of giants, but they themselves are not pygmies.

It has been well said that the chief characteristic of modern mathematics is its generalizing tendency. The great propositions have been general ones, some special cases of which have often been found interesting either in themselves or in an application to some practical problem.

Mathematics may be considered under three general heads:—Arithmetic (number), Geometry (form), Analysis (function). It would be more scientific to treat my subject under these three heads; but I have found it impossible to adhere strictly to this formal division, and, at best, I can merely mention a few things done

¹ In this general resumé the writer does not wish to draw invidious comparisons, and he is entirely conscious that some names may be omitted that stand higher in the mathematical world than some that are mentioned.

in these three fields, avoiding as far as possible dates and technical terms. It must be remembered that only a few mathematicians can be mentioned in a paper of this length, and many phases of mathematics must be passed by in silence. So various are the departments of modern mathematics that the student can make a specialty of only a few of them, and some of them he will barely know by name. It is far beyond the intention or scope of this paper to point out the practical application of many an abstract problem of modern mathematics. Applied mathematics has often been enriched in the most surprising manner by transcendental investigations.

ARITHMETIC

Arithmetic, or the Theory of Numbers, is the basis of all mathematics. In its elementary forms and its practical applications to commercial life, this branch of our science is commonly known as arithmetic; in its higher forms and especially in its generalizations, Theory of Numbers is the name assigned to it. Number is the keynote of the science of mathematics. Arithmetic suggests counting, calculating. We at once think of the Arabic system of Numerals, Decimal Fractions and Logarithms, those three inventions that facilitated numerical calculations more than all other discoveries in mathematics. The greatest names of old connected with the *theory of numbers* were Fermat, Euler and Lagrange. Later came the great Gauss who revolutionized the theory of numbers. He it was who called mathematics the queen of the sciences and arithmetic the queen of mathematics. Gauss^{*} was pronounced by Laplace the greatest mathematician in all Europe. At the age of twenty, he had overturned old theories and old methods in all branches of higher mathematics. He was the first to observe rigor in the treatment of infinite series, the first fully to recognize and emphasize the importance of determinants and imaginaries and to make systematic use of them; he was the first to arrive at the method of least squares, and the first to observe the double periodicity of elliptic func-

* Karl Friedrich Gauss, the German mathematician, physicist and astronomer; born 1777, died 1855. The writer has copied this little account of Gaus almost *verbatim* from Cajori's "History of Mathematics."

tions. In the fields of physics and astronomy, he reconstructed the whole of magnetic science, and originated a beautiful method for computing the orbit of a planet from three observations. From 1807 till his death he was director of the observatory at Göttingen. Gauss's *Disquisitiones arithmeticæ*, published in 1801, was epoch-making, giving as it did the most important part of the elementary development of the theory of numbers.

Dirichlet, who succeeded Gauss as professor at Göttingen, is said to have been the first to make this great work of Gauss transparent and intelligible. Dirichlet made many important contributions to the theory of numbers. Among other things, he proved that for integral numbers $x^5 + y^5$ can not equal z^5 , which is a special case of Fermat's proposition " $x^n + y^n$ can not equal z^n , when n is greater than 2." Euler and Legendre had proved it for $n=3$, and $n=4$. Particularly noteworthy were Dirichlet's applications of analysis to the theory of numbers.

The next great advance in this branch of mathematics was made by Kummer by the invention of his "ideal numbers." This wonderful conception revived the subject of numbers, which was later enriched by Kronecker, Dedekind, Smith, Hilbert and others.

ANALYSIS

Under this head, let us consider for a moment imaginary and complex numbers and the special methods of calculation in which they are used. Not to go minutely into its previous history, the value of the so-called imaginary unit was hardly recognized before about the beginning of the nineteenth century, though it was not the despised creature that it was when first given the somewhat opprobrious title of "imaginary" or "unreal." It is said that Kuhn, in 1750 or '51, first gave geometric expression to $\sqrt{-1}$, and it was not till 1797 that Wessel (of Norway) published the first clear, accurate and scientific treatment of lines represented by quantities of the form $a+b\sqrt{-1}$.⁹ The credit of this is usually attributed to Argand, who in 1806 published his often referred to "Essai."¹⁰ Now what finally grew out of

⁹ See Address by W. W. Beman, before Section A of the A. A. A. S., August, 1897.

¹⁰ *Essai sur une manière de représenter les quantités imaginaires dans les constructions géométriques.*

this? Nearly all modern theories employ the complex number, and many owe their very existence to it.

Among the latter, we have *Quaternions*, invented by Sir Wm. Rowan Hamilton in 1843. In the *North British Review* for Sept. 1866, there is an interesting sketch of Lord Hamilton's life, in which is described his invention of Quaternions. In the midst of his studies in this direction, the key-note of the whole system suddenly came to him on the 16th of October, 1843, while walking with his wife one evening along the Royal Canal in Dublin; and he then and there "pulled out, on the spot, a pocket-book" and wrote down the fundamental formulae $i^2=j^2=k^2=ijk=-1$. In a word, by removing the restriction that the commutative law holds in multiplication (that is $ab=ba$), Hamilton was able to build up his new system. To give any idea what this new system was, would require too much space. The solution of many and varied problems is very much shortened by the employment of quaternions. The method is of great use in certain problems in physics; but its value in this field is hardly as great as it was originally claimed it would be.

In 1844, Hermann Grassman, published the first part of his wonderful work, called *Ausdehnungslehre*, which may be translated "The Science of Extensive Quantities," or "Directional Calculus." There are many that think that Grassman's calculus has points of superiority over Hamilton's quaternions, which it resembles. Grassman's method is not confined to any particular dimension, and is said to be especially convenient in dealing with n -dimensional problems. Another elegant method, in which the imaginary number plays the chief role, is known as the *Method of Equipollences*, and was invented by the Italian mathematician, Bellavitis, a few years before Hamilton's Quaternions appeared. *Equipollences*, however, are restricted to a plane, while quaternions hold in space.

Benjamin Peirce, who was professor of mathematics at Harvard from 1833 till his death in 1880, made profound researches in *Linear Associative Algebra*. His method, unlike that of Hamilton and Grassman, was not geometric. He still holds the palm, I believe, of being the most able mathematician that America has ever produced—it is certain that his algebraic

work was epoch-making. Among Americans of note, to make a little digression, might be mentioned George William Hill and Professor Simon Newcomb, though their special work has been in Astronomy rather than pure mathematics. Concerning the former (G. W. Hill), Poincaré¹¹ writes: . . . *mais son œuvre propre, celle qui fera son nom immortel, c'est sa théorie de Lune; c'est là qu'il a été non seulement un artiste habile, un chercheur curieux, mais un inventeur original et profond.* To say nothing of the noted teachers in our greater universities, the American Mathematical Society is doing much to stimulate our younger mathematicians, among whom there is at present so much activity that the writer feels emboldened to predict that the present century will witness some native American stars in the mathematical galaxy equal to those that are conspicuous in European nations.

Perhaps the most studied, the most remarkable and the most fascinating branch of nineteenth century mathematics is the "Theory of Functions." Nearly all the famous mathematicians of this period have done something to advance this many-sided theory. For the real beginnings of the theory of functions,¹² especially that of the elliptic and Abelian functions, we must look back to Fagiano, MacLaurin, D'Alembert, and Landen; but I cannot pause long enough to consider these beginnings, or to follow the history of its development through Euler, Lagrange, and Legendre. Suffice it to say that the general theory fairly launched at the begining of the nineteenth century by Legendre, Jacobi and Abel, was carried on by such men as Gauss, Cauchy, Dirichlet, Riemann, Weierstrass and others. In an article such as this, intended as it is for the eye of the layman rather than the mathematician, it would be rather absurd to pretend to convey any adequate idea of what the Theory of Functions really is. It would be well, however, at the outset, to give a general definition of what is meant by a *function*. $F(x)$ [to use a common notation] is a function of x throughout an inter-

¹¹ In Preface to "The Collected Mathematical Works of George William Hill," Vol. I, published by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, June, 1905.

¹² Beman and Smith's translation of Dr. Karl Fink's *Geschichte der Elementar-Mathematik*, Open Court Publishing Co.

val, when, to every value of x within the interval, belongs one or more definite values of $F(x)$. This definition, while it does not cover the whole ground¹³ will serve to fix our ideas. In the usual college curricula such functions are first met with in trigonometry and analytic geometry. We have the "theory of functions of the real variable" and "the theory of functions of the complex variable," though they are often studied side by side. Riemann defines a function of a complex variable as follows: "A variable complex quantity w is called a function of another variable complex quantity z ($z=x+iy$), if w change with z in conformity to the equation $\frac{\delta w}{\delta y} = i \frac{\delta w}{\delta x}$."

From which we see that a function of a complex variable is a function that contains x and y in the definite combination $x+iy$. As I have just intimated, what the theory of functions consists of, is a long story; but I might say that in this branch of mathematics all sorts of simple and complicated functions are considered, and the great point is to find how such functions behave, what their singular points are, etc., *within certain domains*. In connection with the domain or region in which the function holds sway, or possesses certain properties, many interesting things are often discovered. Series play an important part in the development of the Theory of Functions, and one remarkable thing is that divergent series, that invention of the devil as Abel said, are assuming importance.

Elliptic Functions are an interesting class of functions. The history of functions as first developed is largely a theory of algebraic functions and their integrals. Cauchy, Riemann and Weierstrass worked along distinct lines, but the ideas of the three were united before the close of the century, and there is now really only one theory of functions.¹⁴ Besides those already mentioned, among the names especially associated with the The-

¹³ It would lead us too far afield to enter into any discussion of continuous and discontinuous functions, monogenic and non-monogenic functions, etc.

¹⁴ Here, and in some other places I have borrowed from an address delivered by Professor James Pierpont before the St. Louis Congress of Arts and Sciences. This most interesting address, entitled "The History of Mathematics in the Nineteenth Century," was published in the *Bulletin of the American Mathematical Society*, Vol. XI, No. 3.

ory of Functions, are Mittag-Leffler, Poincaré, Hadamard, La-guerre, Clebsch, Swartz and Klein.

Another fruitful field of mathematical activity, and one that owes much to the theory of functions, is that of Differential Equations. Here the names of Cauchy, Fuchs, Poincaré, Gauss, Kummer, Riemann and Lie are prominent. In this field Poincaré found a divergent series useful, and of importance is the use by others of the celebrated hypergeometric equation.

Next to the theory of functions, the dominant idea of the century was the *group concept*. The Group Theory gets its name from the fact that every algebraic equation has attached to it a certain group of substitutions. Galois may be considered the founder of the modern theory of Groups, which is especially useful in the development of Differential Equations. Lie gave the latter subject new life by the employment of groups. Klein was especially prominent in these investigations, and the names of Cayley and Sylvester appear here as in so many other places.

There are other special theories of analysis too numerous even to mention by name. To satisfy the needs of all these modern theories, it became necessary to coin many words, or to endow old terms with a special local meaning. For example, the terms *invariant*, *discriminant*, *Hessian*, *Jacobian*, are due to Sylvester, who introduced so many new names that he was playfully called the mathematical Adam.

Before leaving the general subject of analysis, I should like to say just a word about a mathematician whose name has been several times mentioned, — I refer to the Norwegian, Neils Hen-drick Abel (1802-29) who, with the possible exception of Gauss, had the greatest mathematical mind of the nineteenth century. He died in his twenty-seventh year, and yet in this short span of life "he penetrated new fields of research, the development of which has kept mathematicians busy for over half a century."¹⁵ He made important discoveries in elliptic functions, but his greatest work lay in his profound investigations in what are now known as Abelian Functions. Jacobi pronounced this theorem as the greatest discovery of the century on the integral calculus. One

¹⁵ "History of Mathematics," by Florian Cajori.

of his earlier achievements was the proof that a general solution by radicals of an equation of the fifth or higher degrees, was impossible. Abel¹⁶ is represented as being over-sensitive and very modest. This stood in the way of the recognition of his worth, and it was not till many years after his death that his transcendent genius was appreciated. He was hampered also by poverty, having to give private lessons to eke out an existence. His poverty and ill-health made his life a pathetic one. Finally Crelle, the founder and editor of the great journal, secured an appointment for him at Berlin, but the news of it did not reach Norway till after the death of Abel.

GEOMETRY

Now, just for a few moments, let us lastly hastily glance over the geometrical field. In Geometry, the discoveries and developments made during the nineteenth century were just as wonderful and startling as those made in analysis. We often find the same mathematicians working along both lines, and, of course, the line of demarcation between these two great branches of the science is not sharply drawn. Neither could well get along without the other, — in this respect, instead of considering them as rivals, we might compare them to husband and wife, though which is the husband and which is the wife it would be hard to say. Of the offspring, some incline to Geometry, others to analysis.

Now, in speaking of Geometry, I do not refer to that ancient ancestor, Euclid. He would probably not recognize Modern Geometry as anything closer than a collateral descendant, and the bare mention of hyperbolic or elliptic geometry would, I fear, make the old geometer turn over in his grave.

But, to be serious, the father of modern geometry was Monge (1746-1818), who we may say created descriptive geometry, thus doing much for engineering. The great exponents of what is known as *Modern Geometry* were Chasles, of Paris, and Steiner, of Berlin. Both devoted their lives to pure geometry, preferring synthesis to analysis, and proposing to institute a rival to carte-

¹⁶ Prof. Bjerknes wrote a life of Abel, a French translation of which was published in 1885.

sian analysis. A little later Von Staudt brought out his great work on Geometry, *Geometrie der Lage*, followed a few years later by his *Beiträge zur Geometrie der Lage*, and Cremona in Italy published his elegant work on "Projective Geometry." All these and others, too, published many valuable memoirs and papers in the journals of the day. I cannot here point out even the main points of difference in the methods of these geometers. And time will not permit us to consider the many and varied recondite problems of geometry that are constantly coming up in deep researches. The eminent French mathematician, Darboux, read at the St. Louis Congress a superb paper on "A Survey of the Development of Geometric Methods." A translation of it appeared in the *Popular Science Monthly* and another in the *Bulletin of the American Mathematical Society*. It was interesting that Picard spoke on analysis at that same meeting. It was fortunate that the three greatest French mathematicians were present and spoke at that Congress — Darboux, Picard and Poincaré, the last perhaps the greatest living mathematician in the world.

I have devoted so little time to these great geometries and geometers that it would hardly be consistent to say much, if anything, about the so-called non-Euclidean geometry. Dr. George Bruce Halsted, formerly of the University of Texas, now of Kenyon College, who is the great disciple of this interesting subject in America, has translated the works of Lobachevsky and Bolyai, the pioneers in the non-euclidean field.

Euclid assumed as axiomatic, that, "if two lines are cut by a third, and the sum of the interior angles on the same side of the cutting line is less than two right angles, the lines will meet on that side when sufficiently produced." This is the so-called vicious parallel axiom, of which so much has been written. After centuries of fruitless attempts to prove this assumption, the bold idea dawned upon the minds of several mathematicians that a geometry might be built up without assuming the parallel axiom; and Lobachevsky and Bolyai brought out publications which actually assumed the contradictory of that axiom.

The fundamental proposition of the new geometry is: The sum of the angles of a triangle at least in any restricted portion

of the plane, is *equal to*, *less than*, or *greater than* two right angles. This gives *three* hypotheses, which are exhibited also in the following theorem: The angles at the extremities of two equal perpendiculars are either right angles, acute angles, or obtuse angles, at least for restricted figures.

We may speak of the three cases as respectively: the hypothesis of the right angle, the hypothesis of the acute angle, the hypothesis of the obtuse angle, and these three hypotheses give rise, respectively, to

- The Parabolic Geometry — Euclid;
- The Hyperbolic Geometry — Lobachevsky;
- The Elliptic Geometry — Riemann.

If you have followed me closely, you will see that Euclidean Geometry, which we all love, is not destroyed by the new ideas, but is shown to be a special case of a more general system. It seems to me that we live and move and have our being in Euclidean space. It may be that in some far off region — in some other universe if you will — there are people existing in hyperbolic and elliptic space, where the spirit of Lobachevsky and Riemann hold sway.

THE CRITICAL MOVEMENT

The Study of Functions of Real Variables gave birth to the critical movement which began about the beginning of the century and culminated, we may say, in Weierstrass. This critical spirit, as I have before intimated, is one of the salient characteristics of modern mathematical thought. It began with Lagrange and Gauss, then Cauchy introduced rigor into calculus, and Abel, Bolzano, Dirichlet and others continued to question assumptions and to examine critically into the foundations of the science. But the man who stands head and shoulders above all others in this movement is the greatest of modern German mathematicians, Weierstrass.¹¹ He started at the very foundations of arithmetic and geometry and after strengthening those foundations, he began slowly and carefully to build upon them, clearing up many obscurities as he went. On a purely arithmetical basis, with no appeal to our intuition, Weierstrass developed his splen-

¹¹ Karl Theodor Wilhelm Weierstrass (1815-1897).

did theory of functions. The effect of this critical spirit was soon felt all over the world. Dedekind and Cantor have introduced this rigor into the Theory of Numbers, while Harnack, Jordan, Vallée-Poussin and others have performed a similar service for calculus. Noteworthy in this connection are the critical investigations of recent Italian mathematicians under the leadership of Peano. Growing out of this movement, we can see, I think, among students of calculus a growing spirit of reverence and admiration for Cauchy.

Now, some one may ask: "What is this to me? Weierstrass' transcendent theories may be very beautiful, his profound criticism may be stimulating to the specialist in mathematics, but, even if I knew something about these matters, they would doubtless profit me not at all." In fact, the non-mathematician may reasonably inquire whether the usual undergraduate college courses are in any degree affected by modern mathematical investigations. I answer, emphatically, *yes*.

Let me close this article by giving one or two examples of what the influence of Weierstrass has done, — this man who in his professor's chair at Berlin startled the world by his brilliant work in higher mathematics. I purposely take my illustrations from elementary mathematics as taught in America.

In nearly every algebra written or revised within the last five years a definition¹⁸ of multiplication is found which, I think I may safely say, no American algebra contained ten years ago. The definition is this: "to multiply one number by another is to do to the multiplicand what was done to 1 to get the multiplier." This definition does what no previous definition had ever done, — it fully explains¹⁹ the rule of signs: *The product of two numbers having like signs is positive; and the product of two numbers having unlike signs is negative.*

This definition is due to Weierstrass, and our American school boys have been directly benefited by him. Many other instances could be given. It was Weierstrass who pointed out

¹⁸ If the words of this definition are not given, the spirit of the critical movement is manifest in what is given.

¹⁹ See some recent Algebra — "Fischer and Schwatt's Higher Algebra" for example.

that there are only four fundamental mathematical operations, namely: addition, subtraction, multiplication and division.

It is only recently that the writer has succeeded in finding, for use as a text-book, an American calculus that gives a rigorous proof of Taylor's Theorem; and the number that now do so can perhaps be counted on the fingers of one hand. But the ice is broken, and we shall soon find other text-book writers wheeling into line. However, we cannot here enter into the vices and devices of text-books. It is certain that the critical movement is already doing much for them.

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THE IRISH LITERARY REVIVAL AND ITS GAELIC WRITERS.

It is not surprising that American writers who have given attention to the remarkable intellectual awakening of Ireland, should fail to distinguish between its two literary phases ; the one purely Gaelic, the other, Anglo-Celtic, expressing Irish thought and feeling through the medium of the English language.

The simple distinction, clearly drawn in Ireland, is yet unfamiliar to the majority of American and English readers. Those who fail to realize Ireland as a separate national entity, with a heritage of language, tradition, and mode of thought, absolutely alien to that of England, will scarcely comprehend the point of view of the modern Gael, who holds that no literature has claim to be considered "Irish" unless it be written in the Gaelic tongue of Ireland.

Mr. W. B. Yeats, whose recent lectures gave literary America glimpses into the enchanted realm of Celtic tradition, has never claimed the title "Standard-bearer of the Gaelic Revival"—a title conferred upon him by enthusiastic but somewhat uncomprehending admirers, from New York to California. On the contrary, he has said plainly that he, and his *confrères* who write only in English, found themselves unable to create a national revival, until the coming of this newer movement, which has swept so phenomenally over the entire country—a movement for, and in, the native Gaelic language.

If any one man may be called the "Standard-bearer" of this revival, to which so much of Ireland's best intellect has been devoted, modern Gaeldom would doubtless vote the title to Mr. Douglas Hyde, LL.D., the "Craoibhin Aoibhinn," President of Gaelic League during the ten years of its existence. A man of scholarly attainments in many languages, and well known to English readers through his unique and interesting "Literary History of Ireland," he loves best to write in his native Gaelic,

although it be for a small public, and to devote his talents to the upbuilding of his country's literature, and the inspiration of his own people.

It was a gigantic task the leaders of the Gael set for themselves—a task which would have seemed impossible to any but Irish enthusiasts—the revival of a dying language, forgotten by three-fourths of their people; living only upon the lips of unlettered peasants who had been taught to despise their heritage; a language in which the business of the modern world was not conducted, in which the thought of the modern world was not expressed; a language in which no modern literature, except the exquisite folk-songs of the peasants, have been produced.

The native tongue of Gaelic Ireland, with its treasures of ancient and mediæval literature, was ignominiously dying, as the result of an educational system framed for the extinction of national individuality; as the result of false shame engendered by teaching which ignored the native language and history; as the result of emigration, which still continues to depopulate Irish-speaking districts, and to scatter the peasant—custodians of Gaelic lore and culture—to the four winds of the earth.

A few attempts to save the language had been made during the nineteenth century, and organizations formed for the purpose had published, from time to time, a little of the mass of poetry and historic romance in Old and Middle Irish, and a few text-books for the use of English-speaking students of modern Irish. These efforts, while reaching a limited class of philologists, antiquarians and students, failed to touch the mass of the Irish-speaking population in the West and South, who, finding education accessible only through the English language, made every effort to acquire the foreigner's tongue, and were rapidly discarding their native Gaelic.

Through all the dreary period during which the language had been penalized, and through the later period of its decadence under the influence of foreign schools and foreign fashions, the race of Gaelic scholars and writers had never quite faded out. To a few of these, looking at the question from the standpoint of patriot as well as of scholar, it was apparent that in allowing

the national language to perish, their country was severing the strongest tie that bound her to the past; that with the language would go the heroic traditions and ideals that had kept alive the spirit of patriotism through centuries of suffering; that an English-speaking Ireland would cease to realize herself as an individual among nations, and sink hopelessly to the condition of a characterless British province. From the little text that has become a familiar motto in Gaelic Ireland, "Tir gan teanga; tir gan anam" (A land without a language is a land without a soul), they began to preach to those who, absorbed in the struggle for political independence, were ignoring all that goes to make a nation's intellectual independence.

It is less than a dozen years since these enthusiasts organized the Gaelic League, which, more than any other influence, is bringing Ireland to the self-knowledge and self-reliance necessary to nations as to individuals.

Few, if any, of the League's founders had been Gaelic speakers from childhood. They were obliged to learn, as foreigners, the language of their own country, before clearing the ground for their work of "making Ireland Irish."

Their efforts in the beginning were directed to one end; the preservation and extension of Irish as a spoken language. At that time a Gaelic reading public was practically non-existent. As the organization grew, and its possibilities broadened, "the study and publication of existing Gaelic literature, and the cultivation of a modern literature in Irish" became one of the objects of the League. So effective has been its work along this line, that at present a greater number of Gaelic than of English works is annually published in Dublin, and the demand for good Gaelic reading matter throughout the country is greater than the supply.

Among Irish authors and scholars who are devoting themselves to laying the foundation of a modern Gaelic literature, none has been more prolific than the Reverend Patrick Dinneen, a versatile prose writer, from whose pen have come fiction and drama, essays and historical studies, in quick succession. To his work as a creative writer he adds that of a lexicographer,

having compiled the Irish-English dictionary recently published by the Irish Texts Society. He is the author of the first novel printed in modern Gaelic, his "Cermac Ua Conaill," a historical romance of the Geraldine rising of 1579, having appeared four years ago. He has written several plays which are frequently acted, and are especially popular in Gaelic-speaking Munster. An unique little book is his "Cill Airne," descriptive of the famous lake district known more familiarly by its anglicized name, Killarney. The thousands of English-speaking tourists who yearly visit the spot, drawn by the matchless beauty of its scenery, know little or nothing of the historic and literary traditions which make it a shrine for the Gael familiar with his country's language and literature. Near these lakes, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, flourished a group of poets whose names are household words among the Gael. Father Dinneen, in comparing these to England's "lake poets," claims a still higher place in Gaelic literature for the bards of Killarney than is held in English literature by those of Windermere. Not the least important of Father Dinneen's work has been his careful editing and critical studies of some of these poets—Aodhagan O Rathaille, Eoghan Ruadh O Suilleabhain, and Pierce Ferriter, whose works have recently been published respectively by the Irish Texts Society and the Gaelic League. Many of these poems were preserved orally, having been sung and recited by Munster firesides from generation to generation; others were found in manuscripts owned by private families or university libraries; the majority of them are now printed for the first time more than a century after the death of their authors.

Dr. Douglas Hyde has also given much time to the collection and editing of traditional poetry. His "Love Songs of Connacht," with notes and translations, give English readers some idea of the charm and delicacy of the originals, although the musical quality of Gaelic poetry, with its peculiar vowel combinations, is lost in translation. The story of his search through by-ways and remote corners of Connacht for the songs of the wandering folk-poet Raftery, is an interesting one. Dr. Hyde has taken this blind singer as the leading character of one of

his short Gaelic plays. "The Craoibhin's" own poems have all the simple charm of old folk-songs. From boyhood a deep student of Gaelic literature, and a lover of the Irish poets, he feels their spirit thoroughly, although his own work is strongly individual and more truly national in tone than that of many of the older singers. His national feeling is indicated by the determination that his original work in future shall be Gaelic, "for if I write in English, the credit will go, not to my mother, Ireland, but to my step-mother, England."

The beginning of a native drama is an interesting phase of the revival, for plays seem to have been unknown in Gaelic Ireland. Of those thus far produced, none are more popular than Dr. Hyde's several little comedies, one of which, "Casadh an t Sugain," was the first Gaelic play ever acted in a Dublin theatre. Another well-known writer, a master of idiomatic Irish prose, whose plays are favorites with Gaelic audiences, is the Reverend Peter O'Leary. Most of the Irish plays are founded on characteristic folk-tales, although some historical dramas have also been produced.

A writer of strong Irish prose, whose best work has been his original short stories, is P. J. O'Shea. He is generally known by the *nom de plume* of "Conan Mael," the name being that of a member of the Fianna, an ancient military order, whose exploits have for many centuries been sung by Gaelic poets. Another writer who affects the name of one of these pagan heroes, "Caoilte Mac Ronain," is Thomas Hayes, whose recently published story, "An Gioblachain," is an interesting addition to the small list of Irish novels.

Probably the most gifted among Ireland's younger Gaelic poets is Tadhg O Donnchadha, — "Terna." A Munsterman, of bardic family, he inherits the traditions of the southern province, where Gaelic literature was preserved when elsewhere its production had ceased. It has been said that of all the Celtic countries Brittany alone is to-day producing any truly national poetry in the vernacular, but the songs of such poets as "Terna" prove an exception in the case of Ireland. He is the present editor of the *Gaelic Journal*, a monthly which was

started in 1882 by the League's predecessor, the Gaelic Union. Conducted for some years as a bi-lingual journal for students, it in 1902 discarded English altogether and has since contained Gaelic matter only, having, under Mr. O Donnchadha's editorship, somewhat altered its linguistic and critical character for that of a general literary magazine. Another periodical of similar character is "Banba," edited by Seaghan O Ceallaigh, a clever writer of Irish prose.

Fainne an Lae, the weekly journal established several years ago by the Gaelic League, was later incorporated in *An Claidheamh Soluis* (The Sword of Light), at present a strenuous weekly review devoted to Gaelic interests, and conducted, for propagandist purposes, in both Irish and English. The general press of Ireland, too, has been captured by the movement, for whereas a decade ago practically no Gaelic appeared in papers or magazines other than the League's official publications, to-day there is scarcely a metropolitan or provincial paper of any importance which does not regularly devote part of its space to a Gaelic department.

As a means of discovering and encouraging literary talent among Gaelic speakers, and of preserving national traditions and customs, the Oireachtas, an ancient Irish institution similar to the Welsh Eisteddfodd, was revived by the League in 1897. Prizes were offered for various classes of original literary work in Gaelic, as well as for collections of folk-songs and stories, previously unpublished, and for Gaelic recitation, oratory, singing, and national dances. On the list of literary prize-winners of the first Oireachtas are found names now familiar to all readers of modern Irish prose and poetry. The Oireachtas of 1897 lasted but one day. Last year an entire week was occupied with its competitions, adjudications, and evening concerts, at which none but Gaelic songs were heard. Although the musical side of the Oireachtas has been greatly developed, its chief importance is literary. From the Gaelic League press every year issues volumes of prize-winning prose and poetry,—every year new writers are discovered, and traditional songs and folk-tales of other centuries are unearthed.

The Oireachtas has become the great national festival of Gaelic Ireland, but an important factor in the intellectual awakening of many an Irish countryside has been the local Feis, carried out upon similar lines, with competitions limited to residents of the district. The two great annual events which vie in interests with the Oireachtas itself, are the Connacht Feis, held in Galway, and the Munster Feis in Cork. The number of smaller "feisanna" increases yearly, and in many a district where, a decade ago, nothing was read but an occasional Dublin paper, and nothing at all was written, literature in the native language is now produced, published, and eagerly read.

This awakening has led not only to the discovery of literary ability among the younger people, but to renewed appreciation of singers and story-tellers of the passing generation. A characteristic incident was the ovation given the aged Colum Wallace a year ago at the Connacht Feis. This old peasant-poet, whose songs were the delight of three generations of Connacht Gaels, had been generally supposed dead, when he was discovered in a western poor-house, at the age of one hundred and seven. Gaels to whom his songs had given pleasure wished to rescue the old man from a pauper's death. The *Claidheamh Soluis*, without Colum's knowledge, started a subscription in his behalf, and within a few months he was removed to a comfortable home with a Gaelic-speaking family. Upon the opening night of the Feis Connacht, "when the curtain rose," says the *Claidheamh*, "the audience saw an old man, a stranger to most of them, occupying a seat in the row of judges. 'Cia he an seanduine?' went the whisper through the hall. Then the Craobhin rose and told them that the stranger was Colum Wallace. A hush fell on the audience, and the aged poet's voice was heard quavering forth the well-known words of his 'Cuirt an t Srothain Buidhe.' When he had finished, some one on the platform called for a cheer for Colum Wallace, and the building rang with a shout that left the 'Tri Gartha ar Chnoc' of the Oireachtas nowhere." Slowly but surely, Gaelic bard and seanachie, long discredited in an anglicized Ireland, are coming again into the esteem which was theirs in the days of the old chieftainry.

A movement which has insured the preservation of things indispensable to distinct nationality, and which within a few years has so changed the national attitude of mind thereon, is far from being necessarily "a movement of defeat," as some American writers have thought it. Essentially foreign to all things English, it should not be confounded with the work of those writers who reflect, in Saxon tongue, the Gaelic spirit, and whose "pleasant little movement in English literature" is too often taken as representative of the entire Irish Revival.

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SHAKESPEARE'S USE OF COMEDY IN TRAGEDY

Throughout the history of Shakespearean criticism, but especially in the early eighteenth century, the critics most loyal to what Pope calls "the model of the Ancients"¹ have lamented Shakespeare's lack of taste in inserting comedy in his tragedies. They admire Shakespeare's genius, they acknowledge that the comic passages "wou'd be good anywhere else,"² and they are forced to admit that, in the words of Nicholas Rowe (1709), "the generality of our audiences seem to be better pleased with it [tragi-comedy] than with exact tragedy." But, says Rowe, "the severer Critiques among us cannot bear it."³ "Grief and Laughter," wrote Charles Gildon (1710) "are so very incompatible that to join these two . . . wou'd be monstrous . . . And yet this Absurdity . . . is what our Shakespear himself has frequently been guilty of . . . for want of a thorough Knowledge of the Art of the Stage."⁴ Lewis Theobald (1733) "would willingly impute it to the Vice of *his* [Shakespeare's] *Times* . . . the then *reigning Barbarism*."⁵ Dryden, indeed, had been ardent in Shakespeare's defense, as Thomas Rhymer had been abusive; but few dared frankly approve until Dr. Johnson wrote, in 1765, "Mixing comick and tragick scenes . . . is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism . . . but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. . . . When Shakespeare's plan is understood, most of the criticisms of Rhymer and Voltaire vanish away . . . The character of Polonius is seasonable and useful, and the Grave-diggers themselves may be heard with applause."⁶ But

¹ Pope's *Preface to Edition of Shakespeare* (1725) reprinted in Smith: *Eighteenth Century Essays* (1903), p. 51.

² Gildon: *Remarks in Works of Shakespeare* (1710), Vol. VII, p. 404.

³ Rowe: *Some Account of the Life, etc., of Mr. William Shakespear* (1709) in Smith, p. 10.

⁴ Gildon: *Essay on the Art, Rise, and Progress of the Stage*, in *Works of Shakespear* (1710), Vol. VII, pp. ix-x.

⁵ Theobald: *Preface to Edition of Shakespear* (1733), in Smith, p. 73.

⁶ Johnson: *Preface to Edition of Shakespeare* (1765), in Smith, pp. 118, 119, 120, 121.

even in the early nineteenth century, the smoke of battle had not wholly passed. Coleridge⁷ and Hazlitt⁸ felt bound to justify the Fool in "King Lear;" Schlegel, repeating the argument of Dr. Johnson,⁹ thought it necessary to insist that violations of the pseudo-classical rules, including "the contrast of sport and earnest, . . . are not mere licenses but true beauties of the romantic drama;"¹⁰ and Ulrici in 1830 could still say, "Shakespeare has always (and again quite recently) been reproached . . . for having introduced scenes of low comedy into his overpowering tragedies."¹¹ Nothing, indeed, could show more clearly the advance of critical opinion since Ulrici's day than the fact that Professor A. C. Bradley, in his recent book "Shakespearean Tragedy," can discuss Shakespeare's use of comic scenes¹² without the slightest hint of controversy.

The long continuance of this dispute makes interesting a two-fold inquiry:—

(1) If a modern critic, adopting for a moment the pseudo-classical rule,¹³ were to condemn all comedy in tragedy, in what passages in Shakespeare would he find offense?

(2) Would he find no way to reconcile these passages with the canon they are alleged to contravene?

The first difficulty is one of definition. Gildon, for example, discusses under the head of "Tragedy" all the plays so catalogued in the First Folio, together with "Troilus and Cressida" which in that volume is left unclassified.¹⁴ Five of these, however, the modern critic must reject. "Titus Andronicus," "Timon of

⁷ Coleridge: *Table Talk* [Edition of Harper: 1835], Vol. II, p. 106.

⁸ Hazlitt: *Collected Works*, Vol. I, p. 260.

⁹ Schlegel: *Dramatic Art* (Bohn) pp. 370-71.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*: p. 344.

¹¹ Ulrici: *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art* (Bohn), p. 366.

¹² Bradley: *Shakespearean Tragedy* (1905), p. 62.

¹³ "There is no place in tragedy for anything but grave and serious actions."—Gildon: *Essay*: p. xxx.

¹⁴ See "A Catalogue of the Several Comedies, Histories and Tragedies Contained in This Volume" in *Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories and Tragedies. Published according To The True Originall Copies. London. Printed by Isaac Jaggard, and Ed Blount. 1623.*

Athens," and "Pericles, Prince of Tyre" are Shakespere's only in part, and the last named, together with "Cymbeline" and "Troilus and Cressida," we no longer count as tragedies. The comic passages occurring in these plays Gildon, of course, included among the "Errors"¹⁵ of our Poet; but we, having assumed the modern point of view, may confine our discussion to the eight plays admitted to be both tragic and Shakespearean, namely: "Romeo and Juliet," "Julius Cæsar," "Hamlet," "Othello," "King Lear," "Macbeth," "Antony and Cleopatra," and "Coriolanus."

In these eight plays, the comic passages may, for our purpose, be best classified according to their effect upon the modern reader or audience:—

- (I) Comic passages that in effect are comic;
- (II) Comic passages that, through contrast with their tragic setting, are, in effect, tragic or pathetic; and
- (III) Comic passages that, by relieving the tension, contribute to the tragic effect of the passages that follow.

The classification of any particular passage will vary somewhat with the mood and temperament of the reader; and in many instances, moreover, a single passage will fall under more than one class. But the Cobbler in the opening scene of "Julius Cæsar" affords a fairly clear example of the comedy that, in effect, is merely comic (Class I); Mercutio's dying jest in "Romeo and Juliet" (III, 1) and the fooling in the Mad Scene in "King Lear" (III, 6) illustrate the comedy that, through contrast with its tragic setting, itself becomes tragic in effect (Class II); and finally, the comedy of Osric's part in "Hamlet"—without which the audience, already over-wrought by the tragedy of Ophelia's burial, would be less sensitive to the full tragic import of the catastrophe that follows—strengthens the tragic effect indirectly by contributing relief (Class III).

Let us now examine these eight tragedies in order. In "Romeo and Juliet," the first half of the play consists of a few passionate love-scenes in a setting of gayety. The "scenes of low

¹⁵ Gildon: *Remarks*: p. 257; p. 398.

tension" (to borrow Professor Bradley's phrase¹⁶) are largely comic, with the Nurse and Peter and Mercutio in leading parts. All this must be accounted mirth for mirth's sake (Class I); for not until the scene of the duels does the play become tragic. From that point, however, the comic element ceases — with two exceptions. The first of these is an example of the mirth that, by contrast, heightens the tragic effect (Class II) — Mercutio's jests before the duel and his dying breath.

Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man . . .
A plague o' both your Houses!

The second, however, belongs distinctly to Class I; it is comedy that is comic in effect, and, as such, most unseasonable. At the end of Act IV, just after the discovery of the supposed death of Juliet, Peter the Clown has a long jesting conversation with the musicians. This may be an attempt at a "scene of low tension." Such relief is needed at this point after the excitement of the fourth act; and, even in a tragic setting, comedy is one method of obtaining this relief. But if this was the purpose, the result is inartistic. The jesting does not relieve; it merely jars. It seems to exist solely to meet the demands of the Elizabethan audience, or of the Clown himself, for more fooling. Perhaps, in Shakespeare's mind, it was not a part of the play but rather an independent interlude. It is, however, the only instance, in these eight plays, where comedy that does not aid the tragic effect intrudes after the tragedy is under way.

The next play, "Julius Cæsar," is relatively barren of comedy. It has, indeed, "scenes of low tension;" but these for the most part, as Cæsar's greeting to "Antony, that revels long o' nights" or the kindness of Brutus to his sleeping page, are light rather than comic. Perhaps blunt Casca contains comic possibilities; so, perhaps, does the scene in which Cinna the Poet is mobbed for his bad verses. But to me the only inevitably comic passage is the quibbling between the Cobbler and the Tribunes. This, like the jesting of Samson and Gregory in "Romeo and

¹⁶ Bradley: *Shakespearean Tragedy*: p. 48.

Juliet," serves to catch the attention of the audience in the opening scene. Both passages belong to Class I: comedy of comic effect.

In "Hamlet," however, the use of comedy is more conspicuous. Polonius, to whom "brevity is the soul of wit," often causes a sad smile himself or occasions some quick thrust from Hamlet. These comic passages contribute to the tragic effect—sometimes only as comic relief (Class III), but more often as themselves of tragic effect (Class II). Such for example, are the lines in Act II, Scene 2:—

Polonius: My honorable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Hamlet: You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal;—except my life, except my life, except my life.

And there is decided grimness in the mad jest of Hamlet to the King (IV, 3):—

Where is Polonius?

At supper . . . a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him.

More important, however, are the comic scenes which Garrick eliminated when he produced the play in 1772¹⁷—the scenes containing the Grave-diggers and Osric. The latter character, entering between the funeral of Ophelia and the final slaughter, relieves the nervous tension of the audience and so makes possible a deeper consciousness of the tragedy of the closing scene (Class III). The Grave-diggers, however, not only give similar relief between the drowning of Ophelia and her burial (Class III), but also, by their mirth at such a time and place, contribute the last needed touch of pathos (Class II). "The Grave-diggers' scene," says Lowell, "always impresses me as one of the most pathetic in the whole tragedy. . . . All we remember of Ophelia reacts upon us with tenfold force, and we recoil from our amusement at the ghastly drollery of the two delvers with a shock of horror. That the unconscious Hamlet should stumble on *this* grave of all others, that it should be *here* that he should

¹⁷ Lounsbury: *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist*: p. 166.

pause to muse humorously on death and decay — all this prepares us for the revulsion of passion in the next scene, and for the frantic confession,

‘I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum! ’¹⁸

In “Othello,” for the first time since “Romeo and Juliet,” we find in the first half of the play several comic passages in a setting not necessarily tragic. Iago’s jesting with Desdemona on her arrival at Cyprus (II, 1), the humorous aspect — if there be one — of Cassio’s drunkenness (II 3,), and the jesting of the clown as he dismisses the musicians at the opening of the third act — all these come before the tragedy proper has begun, and will seem comic or pathetic according to the reader’s consciousness of the impending tragedy. In the second half of the play, unless one can smile at the unconscious irony of Emilia (IV, 2), the only comic scene is the jesting between Desdemona and the Clown (III, 4). This dialogue comes immediately between the passage in which Iago has roused the fury of Othello and that in which the Moor demands his handkerchief of Desdemona. It may be classed, therefore, with the Osric scene in “Hamlet,” as existing to relieve the nervous tension of the audience (Class III); but its more important purpose is to heighten the pathos by contrasting the innocent happiness of Desdemona with the jealous passion of her lord (Class II). The last two acts contain nothing that is broadly comic. In “King Lear” and in “Macbeth” the use of comedy is similar to that in “Hamlet,” already fully discussed. In each, the tragic struggle begins early in the play; and in each the comedy exists, not for its own sake, but to relieve, and more often to heighten, the tragic effect (Classes III and II). In “King Lear,” Edgar and the Fool and Kent may have seemed laughable to an Elizabethan audience; but to a modern reader or auditor the effect is tragic or pathetic. In “Macbeth” the comedy is confined practically to two passages.

¹⁸ Lowell: *Shakespeare Once More*, in *Works* [Riverside Edition] Vol. III. p. 73; p. 74.

One, the Porter-scene, which falls just between the "knocking at the gate" and the discovery of Duncan's murder, heightens the horror (Class II) far more than it relieves. The other, the playful dialogue between Lady Macduff and her child, may give momentary relief from the tension of the cauldron scene (Class III); but to the reader, who knows that the murderers are at the door, this charming prattle is, in effect, most piteous. Even more than the scene between Desdemona and the Clown, it must be accounted tragic in effect (Class II). In "Macbeth," as in "King Lear," there is no comedy that is comic.

"Antony and Cleopatra," however, is a return to the type of "Othello" and "Romeo and Juliet:" the type, namely, in which the tragic issue of the struggle is not inevitable until the middle of the play. In its first half, therefore, we find the teasing witcheries of Cleopatra, the merriment of her women, and the jesting of Enobarbus; but this mere mirth for mirth's sake (Class I) occurs before Antony, in his infatuation for his "serpent of old Nile," has thrown defiance to Octavius. From the moment that Antony abandons Cæsar's sister, reconciliation is impossible. The death-struggle follows, and Antony's love for Cleopatra works his destruction. The tragedy, evident from the moment of the flight at Actium, is uninterrupted. Not until the final scene does comedy reappear, and then with tragic effect: the passage, namely, in which the Clown brings to the captive queen an asp, a "worm"—and wishes her "joy."

One comic passage in this play demands separate consideration, namely, the carousal of the triumvirs upon Pompey's galley (II, 7). Here the mirth is of the maddest; but what rivets our attention is the possibility that Menas will cut the cable, murder the triumvirs, and make young Pompey master of the world. In such a setting, the effect of the comedy is far from comic, yet it is not exactly tragic. It does not even relieve the tension of the audience. On the contrary, it increases the tension. Perhaps for this passage we must invent a fourth class: comedy that heightens, not the tragedy, but the nervous excitement of the scene.

Only one play now remains to be considered: "Coriolanus."

This differs from the other tragedies in that the struggle that makes it tragic — the spiritual conflict between the hero's pride and his duty to country, mother, and wife — does not become openly inevitable until the final act. The conflict between Coriolanus and the rabble is not tragic. Even when threatened with exile, he retorts undaunted,

You common cry of curs! . . . I banish you . . .
There is a world elsewhere;

and he departs only to reappear victorious. Nor is the conflict between him and the Volscian general tragic. Aufidius, although at last his murderer, is at no time large enough to be party to a tragic struggle. These two minor conflicts are but a disguise for four acts that might almost be called expositional, acts that serve primarily to make clear the hero's character and to create the conditions of the major conflict. This, the real tragic struggle, is first brought home to the hero when, in Act V, scene 2, he replies sadly to Menenius:

Wife, mother, child, I know not . . .
. . . Therefore, be gone.

Willingly he would evade the issue; but at the sight of Virgilia and Volumnia (V. 3) his contending passions clinch. From that instant, either alternative must be

. . . . most mortal to him.

This, then, is the struggle that makes "Coriolanus" a tragedy; and its postponement to the final act permits, in the scenes of low tension, a larger amount of mirth for mirth's sake (Class I) than we would otherwise expect. These passages occur in the speeches of the citizens and of Menenius in the first two acts, and in the conversation of Coriolanus himself and of the servants, in Act IV, scene 5. The latter passage, in view of its position in the play (compare the Grave-diggers in "Hamlet") would fall usually under Classes II and III. But in "Coriolanus" the scenes that immediately follow and precede contain no tragedy; and there is no need, therefore, either to heighten or to relieve.

Both in purpose and in effect, the passage is merely comic (Class I). In the fifth act, however, the tone is changed. The discomfiture of old Menenius by the sentries is decidedly pathetic (Class II); and although "in the very middle of the supreme scene between the hero, Volumnia, and Virgilia, little Marcus," to quote from Professor Bradley, "makes us burst out laughing," yet our laughter is so akin to tears that the passage must be classed as tragic in effect (Class II).

The foregoing discussion, while pointing out the more evident instances in which Shakespeare, by using comedy in tragedy, violated the pseudo-classical canon, has also, I hope, suggested a ground of reconciliation. In several of these tragedies, a fatal termination is not at first inevitable: many comic passages, therefore, stand in a setting no more tragic than do the comic passages of a romantic comedy — for example, "Twelfth Night." On the other hand, many passages that would be merely amusing if separated from their context, are in effect tragic, if examined in relation to their setting. If, then, we re-interpret the pseudo-classical canon; if we limit the word "comedy" to that which is comic in effect as well as in itself, and exclude from "tragedy" those early scenes or acts before the tragic ending has become inevitable: if in *this* sense we take the phrase "comedy in tragedy," then, in all these eight tragedies, Shakespeare has used comedy in tragedy but once. Even this instance, the interlude after the supposed death of Juliet, is not necessarily an exception; for, since this play is not only the earliest of Shakespeare's tragedies but also among the earliest of Shakespeare's plays, we may, if we prefer, call this passage an amateurish attempt to heighten tragedy by comic relief. But, with this possible exception, every comic passage either comes early in the play where it is not "in tragedy" — for example, Mercutio's mockery of the Nurse (II, 4) — or else — like the Grave-diggers in "Hamlet," the Porter and Lady Macduff's child in "Macbeth," the Fool in "King Lear," and the passage in which the simple country-man wishes Cleopatra "all joy of the worm" — the comic passage is tragic or pathetic in effect, and consequently, by our definition, is no longer "comedy." In the real

Shakespearean tragedies, therefore—as distinguished from "Titus Andronicus," "Timon," "Pericles," "Cymbeline," and "Troilus and Cressida"—only once at most does Shakespeare really violate the pseudo-classical canon that forbids comedy in tragedy. If this be so, let no one wonder that the old quarrel between romanticist and pseudo-classicist is dead. Their quarrel was one of names, not of realities.

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THE GERMAN FOLKSONG

The folklore of any people is interesting. In it are preserved those ancient traditions, ideals and faiths that characterize the youthful stages of a race. Wrought into literary form by unconscious hands and preserved upon the lips of old wives and minstrels, this quaint, ancient lore breathes of times and beliefs that have passed away, and invests the deeds and actors whose memory it preserves with a glamor of otherworldliness. The life which it reveals is always simple and spontaneous, and shows a healthy freedom and credulity. Fortunately for the sake of science and of literature important collections have been made in many lands. In Germany the brothers Grimm were among the most industrious and painstaking seekers after ancient myths and legends, and their collections of *märchen* are among the most complete and valuable of their kind in any language. In the field of popular poetry, also, to which we wish to direct our special attention in this study, German scholars and antiquaries have exerted themselves to excellent advantage. Besides Tieck's *Minnelieder*, several valuable collections of popular songs (*volkslieder*) have also been made. Probably the most important of these is *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, made by Arnim and Brentano about a hundred years ago. An edition of this work published in Heidelberg in 1806 has been taken as the basis for the present study.

But before taking up the poems it is important to consider what the *volkslied* is, and to understand, if possible, the causes that gave it existence, and the processes of its development.

The distinction between the *volkslied* and certain other kinds of poems is not always very clear, and is consequently not easy to define; but one essential quality of the popular song is action. At base it is always narrative, it tells a story. This may be done in the conventional way, or by means of a series of pictures representing the different stages of development; and this latter is a rather common expedient. It is necessary, too, that the story be *simply* told; the folksong is never diffuse, never tedious. It scorns everything that smacks of adornment or flourish. It

strikes at once *in medias res* and mercilessly rejects whatever does not contribute to the rapid and graphic development of the story. It is consequently direct, picturesque, striking.

This species of poetry, too, is never without definite motive. The motivation is often of the simplest and most primitive type, but it is always whole-hearted and sincere. It may strike us occasionally as being rudely coarse, but it reflects the honest feelings of the sturdy people among whom the song arose. Having then a definite object in view, the *volkslied* does not wander from its purpose, but seeks to attain this object by a massing of details that heightens the effect of the action and sets in striking view the object in which all interest centres. Of course the popular song is a short poem. It does not deal with themes but with incidents, and in these it singles out the distinctive, the dramatic elements and rejects all else. It is not only short, it is even at times laconic, and leaves so much to be supplied by the imagination that we wish the poet had given us a fuller picture.

Everywhere in this popular poetry the personal element is strongly felt. The poems are intensely human. They exhibit the virtues or the vices, as the case may be, of those with whom they deal, in stern and unflinching realism. There is seldom any moralizing, although the moral lesson embodied in the poems is, as a rule, excellent. If there is a want of conscious art in the mechanism of the verse, it is usually more than compensated for by an artless directness and vigor that defies the laws of art. Consequently the poems have a directness of appeal that touches the heart of the reader and seldom fails to leave a definite impression upon the mind.

One other thing, at least, must be noted as essential to the genuine *volkslied*; this is popular favor. Of a given number of songs in the popular vein it is impossible to tell which will ultimately be known as folksongs and which will not, until they have stood the test of time. Those that voice the popular feeling and touch the popular conscience will become the common property of the race, and this is the only real test of the folksong. In fact the only necessary difference between it and other poems of its kind is wide dissemination and extended popularity.

The *volkslied* had its origin among the mediæval minstrels.

This is not the place to go into details as to why and how. Let it suffice to say that changes in the life and environment of a people work corresponding changes in their ideals, and that the so-called "movements" in literature are but the expression of these changed ideals, and are evidences of an active interest in national life. When the labored epics of the meistersingers and the absurd extravagances of the minnesingers ceased to satisfy the public desire, the *volkslied* arose and took their place. Why the new literature was the popular song and not some other form of expression lies just in this: that the same impulse that operated on the hearts of the multitude to desire this form of literature, operated likewise on the hearts of the singers to produce it. It fulfilled the demands of the time, was a form through which the people could express their ideals. The rise of the *volkslied* was in fact nothing but a return to nature, and it was accompanied by a deep feeling of national pride. The singers, usually a simple, sturdy, uncultivated folk, for the most part, doubtless, unable to read or write, but not ignorant, caught eagerly at the traditions of their fatherland and turned every heroic exploit and every deed of national glory into a song or a ballad. These were sung on all occasions, were soon caught up by the rabble and passed on from lip to lip. Everyone exercised absolute freedom in changing them to suit his own whim; so that the majority of the songs have come to us shaped and molded by many hands, as a pebble is smoothed and rounded by the ceaseless action of the natural forces.

So, in point of time, the *volkslied* succeeded the meistersong. As early as the thirteenth century the meistersingers already felt their influence waning before the ever-increasing popularity of the common singers, whom they naturally despised. In the fourteenth century one of them wrote, "There lives no peasant ever so common, who does not pretend to be a singer." It was precisely these common peasants who pretended to be singers that raised that mighty chorus of song throughout Germany during the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries that marked a new era in German literature, and established their empire of melody upon the wreck of that of the masters. They not only succeeded the meistersingers but they also used the same free-

dom with them that they did with one another, and appropriated whatever of their materials suited their purpose. Plucking the kernel of truth and beauty from their ponderous and laboriously wrought epics, these popular singers would coin it into a gem which is to-day among our literary treasures, while the stately but lifeless original has long since mouldered back into the dust of oblivion. Or, they would rework the meistersong as a whole; simplify, condense and enliven it, but retain the story, giving it a new life, pungency and force. Thus, in one way or another, old tales and traditions, as also facts of history and personal experiences, were worked into new forms, polished, condensed and perfected by common usage and common consent, until they took fixed form in some *fiegender Blatt* or trickled into the notebook of some curio-collector from the lips of the singer.

I need scarcely call attention to the fact that occasionally some great poet of modern times has given such perfect expression to the common feelings of mankind that his poem has to all intents and purposes become a folksong. Of such are Goethe's *Roselein auf der Heide*, some of Uhland's drinking-songs, and the like, but these are the exception. The typical folksong is the product of many hands wrought into shape through long years of common usage, and expresses the common feelings and aspirations of a race.

As might be expected the folksong embraces a great variety of subjects. Everything, seemingly, that was of interest to a lively, joy-loving, but, at the same time, earnest and thoughtful people, found expression in their poetry. Hence we meet with the love-song, joyful and sad, the patriotic ballad, the elegy, the parting song, the drinking-song, songs of praise and censure, the riddle, the fable, the jest and many more. The important place filled by the popular song in the social life of the mediæval Germans made it impossible for any important phase of their social institution to escape celebration in song. When the common singers supplanted the poets at the courts of the princes, they not only delighted their audiences by singing their songs, but they also accompanied them on the instrument. They played and sang at dances, and came to be regarded as the dispensers of general entertainment; they gave exhibitions in which responsive and cho-

ric singing were the chief features, and which laid the foundation for the modern opera; they furnished entertainment at banquets of nobles; they played and sang on the village green, while heavy-footed peasants danced to their music; they bewailed the sorrows of the heart-broken lover; they propounded riddles and cracked jokes to the admiration if not amazement of the gaping crowds.

But it is impossible to appreciate or even to understand this literature without a study of the poems themselves. Let us look, then, somewhat in detail at a few types of the poems, making such extracts as may seem helpful in arriving at a true estimate of their worth; being fully aware at the same time of how inadequate any portrayal of their merits must be which can be compassed within the limits of a short article.

A merit which many of the songs have in common, and which in many instances is really remarkable is the picturesqueness of the first line or stanza, which frequently flashes a whole landscape before our vision. Take as an instance this line:

Es steht ein Lind in diesem Thal.

Here the vista of an entire valley comes into view, with its silvery stream threading the landscape, flocks and herds grazing on the meadow, and the great linden, with which some memorable deed is associated, conspicuously in the foreground.

This feeling for nature is one of the most common and most characteristic features of the *volkslied*. The singers seem to have passed much of their time out of doors, in first-hand contact with nature in her various moods. Their perceptions were keen and accurate, their sympathies strong and their impulses generous. National forces exercised an important influence upon their spirits. And unsophisticated as they were, they gave expression to their own better selves, tuned in a manner to the key of nature's mood with which they were surrounded. After a long German winter how their elastic natures recoiled at the approach of spring-time, and with what hearty appreciation would they sing:

Der Trübe Winter ist vorbei,
Die Kranisch wiederkehren,
Nun reget sich der Vogelschrei,

Die Nester sich vermehren;
Laub algemach
Nun schleicht am Tag,
Die Blümlein sich nün melden,
Wie Schlänglein krum,
Gehen lächelnd um
Die Bächlein kühl im Wälden.

The same hearty appreciation that is here expressed appears also in the love songs. Naturally some phase of love forms a large part of the popular poetry; and we are surprised at first to find how the theme is varied. The poems deal with seemingly every phase of the tender passion experienced by the mediaeval Germans, and what phase, indeed, did they not experience? Speaking generally, it is not very difficult to arrange the love songs in two groups: those which celebrate the sincerity, the fidelity, the sacredness of love, and those which do not. Among the former are some of unusual tenderness and beauty, and for the time that produced them, of unexpected delicacy and refinement of sentiment. They reflect a beautiful and wholesome domestic life, and the reverence they oftentimes evince for the home, and the insight they give into domestic felicity and conjugal fidelity, while without "thrones totter and empires fall," show the source of at least one steady influence during the troublous times of the middle ages.

What a staying power must have accompanied the young man to the wars in defence of his fatherland, who could take leave of his home with these words:

Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse,
Nun ade, du stilles Dach!
Vater, Mutter sah'n mir traurig;
Und die Liebste sah mir nach.

Not only does he go attended by a father's blessing and a mother's sorrowing love, but also the tender farewell of his betrothed, whose lingering gaze follows him into the distance, is a story which supports him in many a sad hour. Yes, the very home itself, the humble cottage and the narrow street in which he played as a boy, all these are precious to him. Such a respect for home and loved ones reflects a healthy inner life, and is a credit to the people who could express it in their literature.

The feeling of sadness so prominent here arises of course from the distress of separation, and is only incidental. While the feeling of these songs is always sincere, frequently serious, and sometimes sad, it is also at times distinctly jovial. Occasionally, too, the singer will take us into his confidence, as it were, and reveal to us the more tender and luscious phases of his innocent love experiences, as in this stanza:

Ich weiss nicht, wie es so geschah,
Seit lange küss ich sie.
Ich bitte nicht, sie sagt nicht „ja,”
Doch sagt sie „nein“ auch nie.
Wenn Lippe gern auf Lippe ruht,
Wir hindren's nicht, es dünkt uns gut.
Es ist nur so der Lauf der Welt.

The second class of love songs vary considerably in poetic merit, and perhaps never reach so high a plain of excellence as some of the former, while their average merit is certainly far lower. They are usually sprightly and clever, but are too often wanting in sincerity and in true emotion. They tickle the fancy, but do not stir the soul. Not infrequently they descend to mere drivel and word-mongery. They strive too assiduously after the sensational, not to say the sensual, and frequently squander the poetic possibilities that the theme suggests. To illustrate their tone and something of their poetic quality, I may quote two stanzas of a poem, as follows:

Es hatte ein Bauer ein schönes Weib,
Die blieb so gerne zu Haus,
Sie bat oft ihren lieben Mann,
Er sollte doch fahren ins Heu,
Er sollte doch fahren ins Heu.

Da kommt geschlichen ein Reitersknecht
Zum jungen Weibe hinein,
Und sie umpfanget gar freundlich ihn,
Gab straks ihren Willen darein.
“Mein Mann ist gefahren ins Heu,
Mein Mann ist gefahren ins Heu.”

This may not represent the average poetic merit of these songs, but on the whole, we may take it as a sample of their prevailing tone and quality, and not go far wrong.

These poems picture a very different social order from that of the former class. They take their cue from the *minnesang* and reflect a period earlier than that of the representative *volkslied*. The tone is that of the *minnesang* of the twelfth century, and the repetition points to an age of poetic decadence. In this particular case, too, the subject matter is taken directly from the *minnesang*, in which the faithless wife furnishes a constantly recurring theme. Unlike the popular poets the minnesingers, as also the meistersingers, celebrated as a rule the loves and courtships of married people. It was the *volkslied* that first introduced the maiden as a staple character in German literature. She was variously represented, often as coquettish, quarrelsome, or unfaithful. The tender charm of maidenly modesty and sweetness is not often met with, although there are occasional notable examples of it. Often, when she is not represented as actually coarse or vulgar, she is at least made a jest of or turned to ridicule. *Das Wiedersehen am Brunnen*, *Ulrich und Aennchen*, *Gruss vom Ferne* and the like illustrate the different degrees of this. Further illustrations are unnecessary.

Amidst this chorus of love songs, joyful, pathetic and frivolous, is heard also the voice of protest. It is usually raised against some custom, social or ecclesiastical, and the thought frequently has a surprisingly modern tone. When the young lady about to be placed in a nunnery against her will exclaims,

Gott geb ihm ein verdorben Jahr,
Der mich macht zu einer Nonnen;

or when the young lover, who is rejected by stern parents because of his inferior social rank, cries,

Ach Elslein, liebstes Elslein, wie gern wär ich bei dir;
So fliessen zwei tiefe Wasser wohl zwischen mir und dir,

-- the two waters being the real ocean and the difference in the social rank of the lovers -- when we hear these voices ringing out of the darkness of the middle ages, we are reminded of the spirit of our own time which declares for individual liberty and personal worth. Protest cannot, however, be said to be a dominant tone in the popular song. As a rule the *volkslied* reflects a large degree of contentment and satisfaction with existing conditions

of life. The minstrels found many things to be thankful for, and they entered into the enjoyment of them with a hearty zest.

Even in adverse circumstances, if we are to rely upon the songs, these wandering singers retained their equanimity and good humor. This is especially noticeable in the wanderer's songs, which picture the various joys and distresses of the traveller. Arising in days when the influence of the universities was already beginning to be felt among the masses, and when not infrequently students from the great seats of learning would mingle with the strolling minstrels along the highways, we are not surprised to find that, despite a taint of academic flavor, the *wanderlieder* are among the most picturesque and sunny in the whole realm of popular poetry. Not that they are always jovial in tone, far from it; on the contrary, a note of sadness is rather to be expected. It is not complaint, however, but a feeling of resignation, accompanied by a determination to make the most of the existing state of things. A few stanzas will illustrate this prevailing tone and quality:

Ein Straußsel am Hut, den Stab in der Hand,
Zieht einsam der Wandrer vom Lande zu Land.
Er sieht manche Städte, er sieht manchen Ort,
Doch fort muss er wieder, muss weiter fort.

Viele Blumen am Wege, die sieht er da steh'n,
Der Wandrer muss leider vorübergeh'n.
Sie duften so herrlich, sie duften so schön!
Doch fort muss er wieder, muss weiter zieh'n.

Ein niedliches Mädchen, das redet ihm an:
"Sei freundlich willkommen, du Wanderersmann!"
Sie sieht ihm ins Auge, er drückt ihr die Hand;
Doch fort muss er wieder in ein anderes Land.

The same undertone of melancholy that is so prominent here is found even in the drinking-songs. In fact no class of German literature is entirely free from it, as it reflects a natural quality of the Teutonic mind. That same earnest nature that produced an iron chancellor who could forge an empire out of seeming chaos; the same earnest purpose that could collect the scattered remnants of an exhausted people and in a few decades weld them into the most compact governmental organization on

the globe; the same eager disposition to search after truth which has set an example to the world for scholarship and investigation; this same earnest, serious nature, I repeat, could not forget itself even in its drinking songs.

It was also the same quality of mind and nature that has always made the German a patriot. The man who takes the world seriously will be apt to have a serious interest in whatever he does. Life will become a serious business with him, and the maintenance of home and fatherland a serious duty. The Teutonic nature is too profound, its genius is too ponderous, its evolutions are too slow to make frequent or sudden changes attractive to it. Consequently the German loves an established order of society. He loves his government because it secures his home; thus he is a patriot both from principle and by nature. This feeling for home and native land finds frequent and noble expression in the popular songs. It was out of the fulness of his heart that the German minstrel could sing,

Für dich will ich leben und sterben,
Du altes deutsches Land!

Thus far only incidental reference has been made to the outer form of the popular song. This is so remarkable, however, that it calls for somewhat detailed notice. To its form fully as much as to its thought is due the peculiar power and interest of the *volkslied* as a literary type. Nowhere does this power appear to better advantage than in those little poems that sum up the destiny of a life in two or three brief stanzas. Much is left to be supplied by the imagination, to be sure, but the poet's grasp of the essential and his power of presentation are nothing less than genius. The familiar occurrence of an elopement, with its stealth, its romance and its misfortunes, ending in a dire tragedy, is portrayed in two stanzas of three lines each. A preliminary stanza, which pictures a charming idyllic scene, even if it is blighted by the vernal frost, furnishes an appropriate setting for the story and tunes the mind to the proper key for its appreciation; while a closing stanza throws a halo of glory over the unselfish devotion of the lovers and consecrates the memory of their tragic passion. Here is the little gem entire:

Es fiel ein Reif in der Frühlingsnacht
 Wohl über die schönsten Blaublümlein,
 Sie sind verwelkt, verdorret,

Ein Knabe hatt' ein Mägdlein lieb,
 Sie liefen heimlich vom Hause fort,
 Es weisst es nicht Vater noch Mutter.

Sie liefen weit ins fremde Land,
 Sie hatten weder Glück noch Stern,
 Sie sind verdorben, gestorben.

Auf ihrem Grabe Blaublümlein blühn,
 Umschlingen sich treu wie sie im Grab;
 Der Reif sie nicht welket, nicht dorret.

Again in the song of the two maidens reaping, each reveals her love experience and its influence upon her life in a stanza of four lines. As they reap the rustling of the sickles and the falling of the grain produce just the opposite effects upon their minds, according to the state of their love affairs. The one who speaks first is happy in her affections and thinks only of the spring time when she won her lover amid the violets and green clover. The sound of the sickle reflects his wooing voice, which possesses her whole mind as love fills her soul. Unmindful of all save her own happiness, she muses:

Lass rauschen, Lieb, lass rauschen.
 Ich acht nicht wie es geh';
 Ich hab mir ein Lieb erworben
 Im Weiel und grünen Klee.

To her companion, however, the rustle of the sickle, mercilessly mowing down the stalks of grain, suggests the pitilessness of love and the desolation it leaves in its wake. She can not share the jubilant spirits of her comrade whose confession of happiness makes her feel her loneliness all the more. She gives expression to her feelings in these words:

Hast du ein Lieb erworben
 Im Weiel und grünen Klee,
 So steh ich hier alleine,
 Thut meinem Herzen weh.

Although these examples are transcending the limits originally designed for this paper, because of the wealth of beauty and in-

terest revealed by the poems everywhere, yet it is difficult to close this discussion without illustrating at least one other expedient frequently met with. It at the same time explains the spirit of the songs and the simple life of the people that produced them, and shows at once the relation between the form of the poem and their content. This is the expedient of endowing plants and inanimate objects with the attributes of life. It is a natural expedient as all early literatures attest. It shows how closely the people lived to nature and what loving companionship they found in the trees, the flowers and brooks. In the conversation which follows between the maiden and the hazel, the hazel is endowed with the same powers of perception and appreciation as the maiden, and the companionship between the two is as simple and unaffected as that between two girls.

Guten Tag, guten Tag, liebe Hasel mein,
Warum bist du so grüne?
Hab' Dank, hab' Dank, wackres Mägdelein,
Warum bist du so schöne?

Warum dass ich so schöne bin,
Das will ich dir wohl sagen:
Ich *ess* weiss Brod, trink kühlen Wein,
Davon bin ich so schöne.

Isst du weiss Brod, trinkst kühlen Wein,
Und bist davon so schöne;
So fällt alle Morgen kühler Thau auf mich,
Davon bin ich so grüne.

Space forbids a more extended examination of these interesting poems, and yet a very imperfect idea of their real charm and power can be derived from the mere discussion of them. Nothing but an appreciative perusal of the poems themselves can reveal their wealth of thought and beauty. There are still many varieties to which, for obvious reasons, no reference could be made here. Yet if this paper has succeeded in calling attention to some of their unquestionable merits, and in awakening an interest in this much neglected field of German literature, its purpose has been accomplished.

This is an interesting field for the investigator. We owe all praise to those scholars and collectors who have rescued these

fugitive pieces from oblivion and have put them in permanent form; but much still remains to be done. This literature is far from being known and appreciated as it deserves to be. The collections are imperfect and the text of many of the poems is obviously corrupt. Jotted down hastily, it may be, by careless or ignorant scribes, as many of the poems doubtless were, they have found their way into print in an imperfect form and have been permitted to remain so. Frequently, too, the songs were recorded from the lips of singers whose perverted tastes had changed their spirit and had given to the songs a tone that in their current form did not belong to them. It also happened at times that the songs remained unrecorded until long after they had ceased to circulate as common property, but lived on only in the imperfect memories of old people, who, with decaying powers and an uncultivated sense of appreciation, transmitted them, often in a fragmentary, often in a sadly corrupted form.

In one way or another many imperfections have occurred, the most of which could be corrected. No part of German literature is better deserving of careful editorial work, representing true poetic appreciation and sound scholarship, than these mediæval songs. A wise collection of them carefully edited and restored, would make one of the most delightful volumes in German literature.

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ASSISI¹

Di quella costa, là dov' ella frange
Più sua rattezza, nacque al mondo un sole,
Come fa questo talvolta di Gange.
Però chi d'esso loco fa parole,
Non dica Ascesi, chè direbbe corto,
Ma Oriente, se proprio dir vuole.

Paradiso, XI, 49.

Upon that side

Where it doth break its steepness most, arose
A sun upon the world, as duly this
From Ganges doth; therefore, let none who speak
Of that place, say Ascesi; for its name
Were lamely so delivered; but the East,
To call things rightly, be it henceforth styled.

Cary.

So spoke Dante in the days of Assisi's greatest glory, when the movement started by St. Francis was at its flood and when the walls of the church of San Francesco were glowing with the new-wrought frescoes of Cimabue, Giotto and their associates.

Now the city has sunk into hopeless decay, and Poverty, which St. Francis chose for his bride, has made his birthplace her lasting home. And I fear that even the Saint would be tempted to renounce his spouse if he saw her in the garments that she wears

¹The literature devoted to Assisi, the most perfect shrine of early Renaissance painting and the home of St. Francis, the most popular of all the Saints, is of course enormous. It would form a library, and there has long been a demand for a compact volume, easily carried in the pocket, that should give the substance of the legends and present the history of Assisi's art more fully than in the brief pages of Baedeker. This work has now been admirably performed by Lina Duff Gordon in the volume on Assisi published by J. M. Dent & Co., of London, in their series of "Mediæval Towns." None but a specialist could desire more information than is found within the pages of this little book. It is an admirable guide, yet very entertaining; and happy is the traveller who with it in his hands can visit all the places of interest in the delightful old Umbrian town, and read upon the spot all that the authoress has to say; and even those to whom the opportunity of visiting Assisi is denied will find within the pages of the volume much to instruct and entertain, and will arise from its perusal with the fixed resolution one day to look from Assisi's mouldering battlements across to proud Perugia and to penetrate into its many shrines of legend and art.

to-day, so squalid, so hopeless, so unaspiring. Since the hour, nearly four hundred years ago, when she fell under the dominion of the Farnese Pope, Assisi, whose life had been so wild and turbulent, so filled with celestial visions and fiendish crimes, has slept on from age to age, growing ever more decrepit, weaker in mind and body. Now, however, the stream of visitors whom the modern facilities of travel bring to her gates, is infusing a little life into her palsied limbs; and she arouses herself sufficiently to stretch forth her hand to ask the stranger's alms. Since the day when the papal legate took up his residence in the castle perched high on the rock above her, no stone has been added to her structures, and from century to century they have mouldered into rest. Even the powerful castle that endured so many sieges has been permitted to fall into ruin, and if the inhabitants have kept their dwellings as a shelter, they have been content with placing, when needed, a little fresh mortar between the crumbling stones. If Dante should return he would note no difference save that which came over Rip VanWinkle during his long sleep. He would find the same steep and narrow streets, the same houses clinging like gigantic wasp-nests to the flanks of Mount Subasio, only it is all old and weather-stained and faded; and instead of the proud gallants, the stern warriors, the haughty dames, whom he had known of old, he would find a population whose spirit has been broken by ages of servitude, and which scarcely dreams of escaping from the poverty and squalor into which it has sunk.

The people of Assisi are inferior in energy and personal appearance to the surrounding population. This is always true of towns clustered about great monasteries. The fact is beyond dispute, but the explanations are various. The friends of monastic institutions say that the charity of the monks naturally attracts the halt, the lame and the blind, and that they and their descendants are necessarily feeble. The enemies of such establishments reply that the vices and bigotry of the monks have degraded a people that once was worthy of respect and admiration. The political economist is apt to suggest that the present condition of such towns proves that nothing is more unwise and, in the end, more unkind, than the indiscriminate giving of alms.

No doubt there is a portion of truth in all three explanations. The great monasteries have attracted numbers of the diseased and the deformed, who have lived on their bounty and propagated their sort in the vicinity. There have been vicious and bigoted monks who have corrupted and degraded the people entrusted to their charge. There have been saintly monks whose charity has outrun their practical wisdom; who have bestowed alms on the undeserving, and have unintentionally encouraged them in idleness and beggary. But whatever the cause, the fact remains, as the population of Assisi is here to attest.

But fortunately it is not to see the people that we are come. They are but the careless guardians of the treasures that the past has left them.

Italy has many towns like this, whose aspect has hardly changed since the days of the Renaissance, save that the pomp and splendor in which they then rejoiced have been replaced by wretchedness and decay. They are a priceless boon to him who is not content with the dry husks of history, but who seeks to realize the life of the ages that are gone. Here we can see the very houses dwelt in by the famous men of old, and in imagination we can people the desolate streets with the picturesque throngs that once surged through them, bent on war or pleasure or civil strife, in the strenuous Renaissance days. Owing to these unchanged cities, he who loves the time when Italy was queen of nations, the torch-bearer of the world, can live again in her glorious past, though that atmosphere of vitality has given place to the stifling air of the chamber where Poverty has slept so long in filth and rags. Were Assisi destitute of those treasures of art that make her so important to the student, she would still be worthy of a visit, because, like Pompeii, she makes us realize an era that has passed away. What the ashes of Vesuvius did for the city of the south, loss of liberty has done for this Umbrian town, which has slept beneath power's benumbing hand as Pompeii beneath her ashen shroud.

But Assisi is something more than one of the most interesting of mediæval and Renaissance cities. It had a century of glorious life which has made it a place of holy pilgrimage through all the ages — the century that elapsed between the beginning of

St. Francis' mission and the completion of the paintings in the church of San Francesco in its splendid monastery. That century was one of the most important in the annals of our race; and all that remains at Assisi serves to aid us in its reconstruction.

There are many of the saints like the stern St. Dominic and St. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, who can appeal only to true Catholics; but wherever a human heart beats with love for our fellow-men, for the innocent creatures of the woods and fields, or even for the beauties of inanimate nature, St. Francis of Assisi has a friend. If he needed it, to him should much be forgiven, for he loved more than any human being that has ever lived; loved not only men, but birds and beasts and fishes, trees and plants, mountains, lakes and rivers, the heavens above and the sun, moon and stars. In his eyes they were all brothers; and his hymn of praise is of all human utterances the broadest in its sympathies. And this hymn was no rhetorical exercise; it burst spontaneously from an overflowing heart. That hymn, which can never be read too often, is thus beautifully translated by Matthew Arnold:

O most high, almighty, good Lord God, to Thee belong praise, glory, honour, and all blessings!

Praised be my Lord God with all His creatures; and specially our brother the sun, who brings us the day, and who brings us the light; fair is he, and shining with a very great splendor: O Lord, he signifies to us Thee!

Praised be my Lord for our sister the moon, and for the stars, the which he has set clear and lovely in heaven.

Praised be my Lord for our brother, the wind, and for air and cloud, calms and all weather, by the which thou upholdest in life all creatures.

Praised be my Lord for our sister water, who is very serviceable unto us, and humble, and precious, and clean.

Praised be my Lord for our brother fire, through whom thou givest us light in the darkness; and he is bright, and pleasant, and very mighty and strong.

Praised be my Lord for our mother the earth, the which doth sustain us and keep us, and bringeth forth divers fruits and flowers of many colours, and grass.

Praised be my Lord for all those who pardon one another for his love's sake, and who endure weakness and tribulation; blessed are they who peaceably shall endure, for Thou, O most Highest, shalt give them a crown!

This hymn marks the first faint dawn of the Renaissance. During the Middle Ages the world had been looked upon as all

evil, and its loveliness had been regarded as an allurement of the devil. Men had been taught to turn their eyes inward, and to consider this earth only a place where they were condemned to linger for a while, merely to be tempted of the Evil One. As is so vividly expressed in Carducci's powerful "Hymn to Satan," all that makes life worth living was regarded as accursed. Men must hate this world as they hated the fiend himself, and must turn from its wholesome joys as sins that imperilled their salvation.

But this mediæval conception St. Francis utterly cast off. He looked on nature as pure and holy. He rejoiced in the freshness of the morning, in the beauty of hill and vale, of the starry sky and the boundless sea, in the songs of the birds and the gambols of the harmless denizens of the forest; above all, in the splendor of the sun's uprising and the glory of his going down. It is said that the birds would come to him and that he would preach to them, and there is no reason to doubt the story; for others who loved them much have been able to attract the winged songsters.

He came in an evil time, when the enthusiasm of the crusades had died away, when the clergy had become rich and worldly, and when religion manifested itself chiefly in a selfish effort to save one's own soul by solitary prayers and penance. He loved his fellow-men so much that he forgot himself, and bent only on saving them, he left to the Lord the care of his own salvation. His was not the fierce preaching of the Dominicans which later found its highest type in the frenzied anathemas of Savonarola. He called men to repentance, but he led them by the hand of love instead of driving them by the voice of terror. To every part of Europe he and his brethren penetrated, preaching the Gospel of Love instead of the despairing dogmas that for centuries had been ringing in the ears of men; and he caused such a spiritual awakening as the world has seldom known. Too often religious fervor has only aroused animosities, and left the world sadder, darker, fuller of evil passions than it was before. But the religion that St. Francis preached was the gospel of sweetness and light, and he left the world brighter, happier and better than he found it. No wonder that in his case the customary delay

was deemed unnecessary, and that when he had been dead but two years his canonization was decreed, and the foundations laid of the glorious church that was to enshrine his memory.

And it was peculiarly appropriate that when after his death a great monastery grew up around his simple cell, Cimabue and Giotto, earliest of Renaissance painters, should be called to decorate the walls raised in honor of him whose song had marked the first faint dawning of the new light. For years they and their pupils worked in the double church, adorning it with frescoes that have made it one of the greatest shrines of painting, where almost as many go to do homage to the artist as to the saint. And how wonderfully the pictures are preserved! Nearly six hundred years old, most of them seem scarcely to have suffered at the hands of time.

Painted when art was in its earliest cradle, their archaic style is not calculated to please the ignorant; but when we have studied them until we understand them, they enchant us by their simplicity and truth and by a certain beauty which it is not given to the vulgar to perceive. And the more we study them the more we are convinced that Giotto is one of the greatest painters that ever lived. His work is crude and imperfect; but no artist, not even Leonardo, made so great an advance upon the works of his predecessors. He was one of the great creators of all time. He found the art of painting a dead carcass, mummified in the ceremonials of Byzantium, and he breathed into it the breath of life, of a healthy, robust life that was destined to be long and fruitful. And in the simplicity and directness with which he tells a story he has never been surpassed. He brings upon the scene just as many actors as are necessary to make the matter plain; he groups them with consummate skill and places them in the most appropriate attitudes. And while his pictures are primitive, there is in them nothing childish. It is always evident that he is a man — a man whose means of utterance are yet imperfect, but who has the thoughts, the feelings, the energies of mature manhood. As his commissions were all from the clergy, who were then the sole patrons of art, he tells only the Gospel story and the lives of the saints, but he tells them with none of the childishness of the Middle Ages or the mawkish sen-

timentality of the decadence. The story is told simply, but it is told as a man would tell it; and the more we see of his strong, wholesome art the better we like it.

There is a certain similarity between the arts of painting and poetry. There are painters, like Michelangelo, who have all the grandeur of the epic. There are others, like Perugino, who have the sweet, pensive sadness that charms us in the elegy. Still others, like Correggio, have the soaring, palpitating brilliancy of the lyric, and remind us of the sky-lark's song. Some, like Goya, have all the bitterness of the most envenomed satire. Others are by nature dramatic; and among these Giotto occupies a position in the foremost rank. He is one of the great dramatists. Everything in his mind takes the form of a drama that is being enacted before our eyes. He delights not in solitary dreamers. With him all is action; not mere aimless unrest, but action concurring to produce or illustrate a particular event. And his dramas are characterized by almost Greek simplicity. There are no crowds of people thrown upon the canvas to fill it up. There are no accessories to distract the eye. The actors are reduced to the fewest number that can be effective, and each contributes his part to the general impression. The landscape is the simplest, and is not designed by its beauty to distract attention from the events that are transpiring. The artist is representing some occurrence, and his only concern is to make it readily comprehensible and to impress it upon our minds. His drama has complete unity, and to secure that by the simplest and most efficient means is his constant aim.

The primary element of the drama is realism. All that transpires upon the stage must seem to be actually happening to living men and women. In other forms of poetry the imagination may bear us away into most airy regions; but the drama must remain with its feet planted firmly upon the earth. Of all literary forms it is the most wedded to the real. Therefore a great dramatic painter must be an uncompromising realist. His figures must stand out so that it looks as if they could step down from the wall.

Giotto possessed this realism in an amazing degree considering the age in which he was born. The Madonnas of the Byzantine

style and other similar pictures that he had to guide him were little better than wooden images. They had no actuality. They could never have lived, and if a miracle had endowed them with life, they could never have moved. Giotto effected the most sudden and complete revolution in all the range of painting. He looked around him. He saw the world, not as it appeared to a cloistered dreamer, but as it was in fact. When he wanted to portray the Gospel story or the lives of the saints, he studied the men and women that he knew, and transferred them to the canvas just as they were. His one guide was nature. Interest in the remains of classical antiquity had not yet awakened. On the mediæval past he turned his back. He sought his models among the actual, breathing human beings that he conversed with every day; and he expressed both their feelings and their outward forms with an intensity of realism that has rarely been surpassed. He not only gives us a drama with all the dramatic unities, everything co-operating to enhance the effect of the central event; but his drama is enacted by real men and women, not by shadowy figments of the brain. Realism is the basis of all art that is truly vital and enduring, and the tree of Renaissance art grew so fair and strong because Giotto planted its roots so deeply in the solid earth.

At Assisi, no doubt by special command, Giotto ventured on a field from which his sound common sense usually preserved him, the allegories in which the Middle Ages took such delight. In this spirit he painted his famous pictures of "Chastity," "Obedience," "Poverty" and the "Triumph of St. Francis." Doubtless their complicated symbolism was comprehensible to the people of his time, who were accustomed to such things; but now we can only look upon them as strong and pleasing compositions, where the artist has produced great work in spite of the limitations of the subjects.

And it is at Assisi that one sees Cimabue and his pupils to the best advantage. The ceiling and the higher portions of the walls of the Upper Church are said to have been adorned by them. Their pictures are sadly ruined, and they lack the vitality and the convincing realism of those of Giotto; but as mural decora-

tions they are superb, rich and mellow in tone, graceful and harmonious in design.

The whole world affords no such striking shrine of early Renaissance painting as this double church. Giotto may perhaps be seen to greater advantage at Padua and Florence; but here he and all his contemporaries labored, each striving his utmost to adorn the sanctuary of the age's favorite saint. The schools of Florence and Siena, the leaders of the Renaissance, sent their worthiest sons, who wrought together in splendid emulation. Duccio, Giotto's not unworthy rival, Simone Martini with his quaint and winning beauty, Pietro Lorenzetti with his grace and charm, worked side by side with Taddeo Gaddi, Buffalmacco, Giovanni da Milano, Giottino, Giunta Pisano and many another painter worthy of such companionship, but who must remain forever nameless. The result of their united labors is a decorative whole that has been rarely, if ever, equalled. If we knew nothing of the Gospel story or the lives of the saints which the frescoes commemorate — even if the human figure were strange to us and it was all without intelligent meaning, we should yet be charmed with the mellow richness of color and the general harmony of design. And when to this purely sensuous charm is added the deep significance of the pictures, the earnestness and conviction that spring from a faith so strong that it sees as with bodily eyes, we realize that we are in the presence of immortal works; we look upon them with ever increasing reverence, and as we look they grow in truth and power, until we are able to overleap the ages that have intervened, to forget the marvels that have since been wrought, and to see them as Dante saw them, to whom they appeared Art's final word, the *ne plus ultra* beyond which she could never go.

But not alone are the schools of Florence and Siena to be studied at Assisi — the gracious Umbrian primitives are here to be seen to advantage. In San Francesco is a Madonna and Saints by Lo Spagna; in the cathedral, one by Nicolo da Foligno; in San Damiano an Annunciation and St. Francis receiving the Stigmata by Eusebio di San Giorgio; while in the Capella dei Pellegrini, Pier Antonio Mezzatri gives us his most charming work.

Nor is St. Francis the only great name that Assisi has contributed to the world. Here, in the far days when this was Umbrian Asisium, with marble porticoes like that before the Temple of Minerva whose faultless columns still attest the wealth and taste of the inhabitants, Propertius, foremost of Roman elegiac poets, had his birth, and amid these delightful scenes he acquired that love of natural beauty that characterized his poems. He, too, loved much; not with the holy love of St. Francis, but with a consuming passion for the fair and faithless Cynthia, and he has enshrined the memory of the Roman courtesan in verse that can never die — verse gorgeous in its imagery, but sometimes filled with feelings too intense and vehement for coherent utterance. Like St. Francis, he is possessed by an overmastering spirit, but it is the spirit of Pan and his attendant nymphs, not that of the Man of Galilee.

And Assisi claims to have given birth to another poet of equal fame, the gentle Metastasio, now too much neglected. Rome also claims him; but at Assisi they show the house where he was born, and this should carry conviction to the most incredulous. At any rate, his father was an Assisan, and if the poet was born elsewhere, it was not his fault.

In his own day Metastasio was the most widely read of all dramatic authors. He could sit in his library and count forty editions of his works, not merely in Italian, but in French, German, Spanish, English and Modern Greek. His dramas were set to music by all the leading composers of his day, many of them a number of times by different hands. Now he has fallen into a neglect that is at least as undeserved as his contemporary adulation. He is one of the great masters of the Italian language. In his hands it flows onward as clear as a silver brook and with as sweet a music. The songs with which he intersperses his plays have all the simplicity and the charm of those that Goldsmith inserted in the "Vicar of Wakefield," with a haunting melody that we cannot forget.

Talleyrand said that no one who had not lived before the French Revolution could have any idea of the pleasures of life; but as Watteau gives us some notion of the coquettish grace and the blithe wantonness of that age, Metastasio reveals to us its

loftier aspects, its exquisite courtesy, its high ideals of the perfect gentleman and lady. The people whom he puts upon the stage bear the same relation to the men and women whose names are bestowed upon them that the actors of the day in their silk stockings, laces and perruques bore to the real personages of history; but their sentiments are always elevated and refined, and they carry themselves with a delicacy, a grace and dignity bred only of centuries of gentility. We still delight in the dainty warriors of Perugino in the *Cambio* of Perugia that pose as Leonidas, Scipio, Pericles, Cincinnatus and the like. They are the perfect embodiment of the heroes of Metastasio, who should afford us the same pleasure, and whose example was never more needed than in this age when the spirit of democracy is dragging us all down to the same level, and teaching men to neglect the graces and refinements of life.

Like a true Umbrian, his only theme is love — not the celestial love of St. Francis, not the love of the senses that Propertius sings, but the romantic love that was the outgrowth of the Middle Ages, and which had been polished and refined in the courts of princes until it had become a thing of rarest elegance. This love he brings always upon the stage, displaying every aspect of its charming delicacy, its exquisite sentiment, its noble spirit of devotion, its infinite capacity for self-sacrifice. The pictures that he presents are delightful, and we are distinctly poorer for their loss now that they have yielded to a cruder realism.

But if St. Francis, Propertius and Metastasio had never lived, if Assisi's ancient churches and its still more ancient temple of Minerva with its lovely columns were level with the dust, if the city itself with its precipitous narrow streets and its old stone houses, clinging to the mountain side like a gigantic wasp's nest, were blotted out, it would still richly repay the traveller to climb up hither for the view alone; for earth holds no lovelier prospect than this Umbrian land. It is a region of broad and richly cultivated valleys between hills whose contours are curves of perfect grace. I know of no land that gives one such a sense of space. The valleys are so wide that the far off hills are blue in the distance, and the hills are not high enough nor close enough together to cut off the view, so that you see mountains

rising beyond them, and between them vales that seem to stretch away into infinity. And upon all the enchanted prospect there breathes a spirit of celestial peace. As we look over these smiling valleys and verdant hilltops, we cannot believe that the clash of contending armies ever disturbed the heavenly serenity of the scene. To find anything like it, we have to go to those pictures of Claude Lorraine, where the ideal landscape is bathed in a peace that surpasses language; and here, as in Claude's pictures, the high Appenines that bound the distant horizon lend to the view a sublimity which alone is needed to make the vista perfect. It is not surprising that the painters who grew up in this wonderful land, particularly Raphael, excelled all others in the sense of space and in the depicting of serene loveliness. Every time that their eye ranged over the magic prospect they received an unequalled lesson in grace, in beauty, in serenity. No wonder that their art is a revelation of peaceful beauty; no wonder that they avoided scenes of violence and distress. They were brought up in Saturn's happy realm, where the very air breathed of rest and joy. From their mountain tops they looked out on vales teeming with fertility, where the vines, festooned from tree to tree, bent low beneath the weight of their luscious clusters, and the immense white oxen, unequaled for size and grace, drew the deep plough through the rich soil without an effort; where nature repaid the toil of the husbandman a hundred fold, and the song of the reaper was sweet upon the air; while the far-off mountains spoke to them of the battlements of heaven upon whose sunset clouds angels seemed to float and sing.

But alas! man's fierce spirit, save in rare and artistic bosoms, is but little sensible to nature's benignant influence; and this land, which breathes of heavenly peace, has been the abode of war and strife from the earliest dawn of recorded history. The very position of the cities, all of them perched high upon mountains whence they could watch their enemies approaching from afar, and hurl them down the steep declivity when they mounted to the assault, speaks of the people's dread of one another. Yonder, across the valley, like an eagle watching upon its eyrie, ready to swoop down at any moment upon the fruitful plain, is proud Perugia, Assisi's relentless foe. Since the dawn of his-

tory they have glared at one another, and the lion of Assisi has ever gone down before the Perugian griffin.

In the earliest times all this lovely land belonged to the Umbrians; but at a day too remote to be definitely fixed the Etruscans, that strange race whose language still defies the savants who have compelled the temples of Rhameses and the palaces of Sennacherib to give up their secrets, came from a region which we cannot even guess, and filled all the land with war and blood. Slowly the Umbrians retired till behind the Tiber they made their last stand here at Assisi; while the Etruscans established their furthest outpost in Perugia on yonder hill. In the Tiber's rich vale that lay between, their hostile forces met from age to age, till Rome burst suddenly through the Cimminian forest, and subjugated both. Then for long centuries the *sacra pax Romana* remained unbroken save by an occasional civil tumult, and this land found beneath the eagles a peace that was worthy of its beauty. But Rome fell, and then Assisi knew no peace until it sank beneath the papal despotism. The barbarian Totila and the Christian Charlemagne destroyed it utterly. More than once it was conquered by Perugia, its ramparts levelled, and its people carried off or slain. But it ever rose from its ashes, fierce and defiant, and when Perugia vouchsafed it a period of repose, its lawless nobles barricaded the streets, assaulted one another's palaces, or lured each other to friendly banquets, only to cut the throats of the unsuspecting guests. At length, worn out by tumult and murder, she bowed the neck to the Roman crozier as once she had bowed it to the Roman eagles.

Reduced to the condition of a neglected provincial town, with no power of initiative, no control over her destinies, Assisi's fiery energies gave way to the lethargy of death. What we see now is but the petrifaction of her past. As she was when the shackles were put upon her hands, so is she to-day. No new stone has been added to her houses; no change has come over her save that commerce has forsaken her portals, and Time has laid his heavy hand, though gently, upon her crumbling battlements.

Now the strife and the subjugation are but a hideous dream, and for Assisi, as for all of Italy, a brighter day is breaking.

In the lovely valley at our feet each man sits beneath his vine and fig-tree, singing the songs of peace to all his neighbors. No clanging of weapons or bray of trumpets disturbs the truly celestial calm, and as we watch from Assisi's ramparts no sound comes to our ears harsher than the distant song of peasants returning from the fields or the great white cattle lowing as they think of their master's crib; while the setting sun fills all the west with gold-dust, and throws around Perugia's towers, which no longer threaten, a purple halo of celestial glory. As we look round us upon the matchless prospect it seems as if the reign of Saturn had returned again, and that war and hate had fled before the white-winged doves of peace.

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THE ACADEMIC IDEAL OF EDUCATION IN ITS LARGER RELATIONS TO LIFE

The urgent competitive spirit of our times has swept everything before it in the commercial world and is now seeking for larger conquests in the realm of higher education. Until recent years the almost universal theory of education in all the universities and colleges of America and Europe has been what I shall call "The Academic." The aim of this theory, "the academic," is to enlarge one's intellectual capacities and interests, to give fullness and richness to life, catholicity to vision, and supremely to educe and chasten that subtle and evasive mystery which we name personality. The important factors in this theory of education are the great literatures of the world, languages, ancient and modern — especially the two ancient languages, Greek the language of fluidity and perfection of form, and Latin the language of power and compression — discursive history, philosophy and pure mathematics.

This conception of education has held exclusive supremacy in the scholastic institutions of the world through all the sweep of academic history, and if conceptions, so far as their operableness and adequacy to great issues are concerned, are to be measured and estimated by their fruits, then beyond question this ideal has been amply vindicated by the civilization it has accomplished. It is a civilization illustrious among the civilizations of history, for its large diffusion of light, its wide extension of the forces of liberty and democracy, its mastery of the energies and laws of the outer world, its exquisite poetic sensitiveness to the spirit of nature; for its growing objectivity of life and consciousness, and, above all, for the magisterial men of thought and action it has given to the world.

Over against this large free ideal of learning which has for centuries done such noble service in building up man into an ever increasing fullness and symmetry of life, we find placed, in these latter days, a new ideal, the ideal of utility — an ideal, by the way, altogether hypothetical as to its power of accomplishment, for it has not yet been sufficiently subjected to the criti-

cal and discriminating touch of time. Our very practical age wants immediacy of results in learning as in commerce. It desires not so much culture of the whole man, not so much compass of vision and refinement of manners, as a certain pertinency and expertness of intellect that shall be convertible as swiftly as possible into professional or commercial efficiency. Its sovereign aim is not to produce a man, notable for the comprehension and exactness of his thought, the chastity and delicacy of his tastes, the poise and serenity of his temper, the grace and the chivalry of his canons of conduct; its sovereign aim rather is to produce an efficient industrial unit, a unit that has the largest money earning power, as the president of a modern university, an historian, a linguist, a doctor, a lawyer or a civil engineer. Hence the necessity of a change in educational methods, hence the emphasis upon the modern rather than upon the ancient languages, upon German that pays rather than upon Greek that chastens, hence the accent upon the practical sciences, hence the stress upon a curriculum that consummates itself in the "narrow and limited expert," rather than upon a curriculum that consummates itself in the culture of the whole man, in dignity, power, impressiveness and a beauty of personality.

As one estimating from an outside point of view with a dispassionate and detached mind, the relative values of these competing ideals of higher learning, I desire to give some reasons for the faith that is in me, the faith that for richness and permanency of results the academic ideal with its antique notes of proportion, universality and grace is vastly the superior of the "ideal of utility" with its modern notes of expertness, excessive specialization and immediate economic efficiency.

The old style of education, brings the mind, through the Greek and Latin languages, into a discursive view of two great peoples, distinguished among all the peoples of antiquity by their wealth and fertility of thought and their power of achievement, two peoples immensely rich in literatures at once varied, informative and elevating. It brings the mind also into subjection by the austere, disciplinary educational instrumentalities of logic, metaphysics and pure mathematics. This old style, the academic ideal of education, is the one most certain way to intellectual

power and beauty, to power of intellect subdued and humanized by sensitiveness to the beautiful, to beauty of intellect, commanding and alluring because it is instinct with energy. The element of intellectual power is the natural equation of the discipline in the study of mathematics, logic and metaphysics and the element of intellectual beauty is the natural equation of contact with the great spirits of antiquity, with Ovid, Vergil, Cicero, Horace and Seneca, with Plato, Aristotle, Herodotus, Homer and Theocritus, the monarchs of the world of mind who have taught all succeeding ages not only how to think, but how to utter thought in great masses of wisdom or in lightest particles of epigram and yet always with perfect loveliness of form.

Now, of course, in any estimate of competing educational methods we must make allowance for the margin of the abnormal, for the personal equation in the matter of intellect, as we do in other matters. Intellectual genius both in the sphere of thought and of its expression is now and then wholly independent of all scholastic methods and is explicable only on the assumption of a divine caprice. This is certainly the case with such transcendent forces in the world of letters as Shakespeare, Bunyan, Boehme and Whitman. These planetary minds self-tutored and self-formed are glorious accidents. But, after making due allowance for these rare exceptions, it may be justly affirmed as a general fact that the men who have made history, who have swayed nations by their eloquence, who have determined by their political prescience and by the mandatoriness of their wills the destinies of nations, who have made ages memorable for their intellectual fecundity and literary splendor, who have written the books, evolved the philosophies, formulated the laws, and sung the epics, odes and lyrics that constitute the glory of every great nation's heritage are largely the product of the academic ideal of education. "The men of light and leading" in the political, professional and literary world of the United Kingdom are almost as a body the output of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh and Dublin. All of these institutions are inspired by the academic ideal in its primitive purity and all of them are alien in tradition and temper to the theory of utility in the higher education. Out of the great universities in successive ages have

emerged men who have attained celebrity in all departments of the intellectual life, scientists who have revolutionized their various specialties, geology, physics, chemistry, philology and biology; classicists who have attained world distinction, metaphysicians of eminence and essayists at whose feet we all gladly sit that we may learn to speak and write our mother tongue with force of diction and felicity of phrase. William Pitt, Sir Robert Peel, Edmund Burke, Charles James Fox, Lord Salisbury and Gladstone, among orators and statesmen; Jeremy Taylor, Frederick Robertson, Canon Liddon, Pusey, Maurice and Kingsley, among divines; Hume, Gibbon, Grote, Macaulay, Froude, Lecky, among historians; Addison, Swift, Julius Hare, John Morley, Matthew Arnold, Benjamin Jowett, and Walter Pater, among men of letters — these are all men of the old style of education, men who were nourished in their youth and early manhood on the graces of the classics, on the literary traditions of the past, on the austereies of logic and mathematics. These men, and a host of others that might be mentioned, have spoken or written themselves into immortality. They have given to the world orations powerful in logic and stately in construction, they have given to the world works of imagination or criticism, essays, philosophical dissertations, and poems of great power and imperishable loveliness. And what is true of the United Kingdom is likewise, though less conspicuously, true, of our own land. I say less conspicuously true for the physical has so obtruded itself in our national consciousness, it has been so dominant in our notions of well-being, so monopolizing in its demands upon our talents, that the achievements of the mind and the nobler elements of personal force do not stand out so clearly in our biographical literature as they do in the biographical literature of the United Kingdom. Yet even here I think it may be said with perfect justice to the fact, that all that is most admirable in our national life, whether we regard the accomplishment of statesmanship or the accomplishment of letters, bears upon it the mark of the old style, the impress on its utterance and manner of the classical habit of thought. Indeed I am not aware of a single exponent of the theory of specialization and utility in

education of commanding excellence either as a thinker, as a writer or as a man.

Again it seems to me that an academic education is the only safeguard against the excessive practicality of our national temperament. Life with us as a people tends to become progressively more hard and materialistic, even if it does not tend to become more sordid. We think in the terms of matter, we measure achievement in the terms of matter, we estimate man in the terms of matter, we worship in the terms of matter. We are more and more prone to value men according to their riches, pictures according to their cost, churches according to their opulence, universities according to the largeness of their endowments. Many problems confront our great and admirable Republic, but all problems, it seems to me, fade away into littleness when compared with this problem of the ever growing disposition in this nation to test all things by the standard of money. This is our imminent menace, the source of all corruption in high finance and in politics, the animus of the class antagonisms that are to-day the peril of our democratic institutions and the stimulus of the display and ostentation that makes the name of America which should be everywhere a name of dignity and honor, almost the synonym of vulgarity.

And where are we to find relief from this hard materialism that is so steadily and so subtly debauching our national conscience and dwarfing our national stature? It is quite clear, I think, that we shall not find relief in a theory of education whose master function is to enthrone things material and whose chief aim is to make man more expert in extracting from the matter-world its potencies of economic wealth. A theory of education whose ultimate goal is man's physical well-being, whose almost exclusive mission is to make him more conscious of matter and at the same moment both more the master and the slave of matter,—this certainly is not a theory of education that has in it either the desire or the power to emancipate us from "the tyranny of things" and to bring us into the knowledge of truth which is perfect freedom. I am not here even by way of inference pleading for the "simple life." The canting gospel of the "simple life" does not appeal to me. The true life is not simple

but highly elaborate and complex. A man's life is not the sum of his self denials but the sum of his affirmative experiences, and the more points at which he with wisdom and temperance touches and enjoys the world the more he lives. Life should be varied, copious and rich. Life is more than meat, it is more than raiment, it is more than baronial mansions, it is more than sensations of the nerves, it is more than money. And it is because every serious-minded man must rebel at every point of his being against this meager and partial interpretation of life and affirm at every point of his being the ampler and more inclusive conception of life that he should strive with burning zeal to maintain in our higher educational institutions a type of training and of culture that covers the whole man, the mind as well as the body, the soul as well as the mind.

What we need to-day is a distributive culture, a culture that is centrifugal. The external conditions of life, especially in our own country, are imperiously centripetal. Excessive competition necessitates excessive division of labour, and excessive division of labour involves excessive localization of energy. Man in his eager desire for the things that minister to the power and enjoyment of life is generation by generation bringing his talents to a focus in some branch of a profession or in some special department of art or in some extremely limited commercial interest. Personality is in danger of shrinking up into the narrow dimensions of a function under the blighting touch of our economic civilization. The general physician, the general surgeon is a thing of the past. Now, all the men of high eminence in medicine or surgery are specialists. They are heart specialists, or brain specialists, or nerve specialists, or throat specialists. And as it is in medicine so it is in law, in literature, in the art of teaching. The movement everywhere is toward minuteness of sphere and compression of faculty. Now I am aware that the wise man will not and must not quarrel with this tendency of modern civilization to localize personal energy in the matter of one's vocation. The world of science, the world of philosophy, the world of history, the world of literature, the world of art are all so vast, ranging in their immensities of fact and mystery so far beyond the reach and scope of the human mind that it be-

hooves man if he would know even a little thoroughly to limit the area of his interests and to concentrate his talents; for other things being equal the more we compress the energies of the mind the more surely we shall attain to the mastery of our sphere.

And yet while admitting the wisdom that confines the forces of each individual life to a certain well-defined groove of expression, I am sure that we all feel that the man who is only a specialist is a poor creature. The man who brings the full wealth of his manhood to his profession or his art, that man must always be admirable, but the man who sinks and merges the full wealth of his manhood in his profession or his art, that man must always be lustreless and contemptible. He misses by necessity the full meaning of life. He is a bigot in his religion, or irreligion, a martinet in the matter of conduct, a patriot of the insolent and militant type, a dull companion that makes life a thing of exhaustion and disgust for all sensitive souls compelled by an unkind fate to live in habitual touch with him.

But, if we are to be saved from the tyranny and dullness of mere specialism, we must in our university days build ourselves upon the large free lines of catholic culture. In these early days and before the world becomes for us an austere and cramping despot we must learn to think and feel in the large inclusive way; we must learn to see life steadily and to see it whole; we must learn to live as Goethe did "in the cosmic consciousness;" we must learn to look out upon the world of nature and of man with "mild and magnificent eye." And this to my mind is the great and exclusive excellence of the old ideal of education. It and it alone affords an adequate background of catholic culture, it and it alone makes for universality of mind, for totality of life, for symmetry of manhood, for a personality, comprehensive and full orbed.

A further motive urging us to maintain allegiance to the educational traditions of the past is the fact that the academic temperament tends to social and political stability. And this is a fact of vital concern for a people so highly neurotic as we are. Our virtues, as a people, are many and admirable. We are as a nation highly intelligent, if not intellectual, sensitive, immensely cosmopolitan in our hospitality, superbly sane in critical mo-

ments and endowed with a rare genius of adjustment; and yet all who reflect deeply upon contemporary American life must be vividly conscious that we are as a nation nervous and unstable. I am not speaking of the merits of the case, but it is unquestionably true that the great mass of our citizens were driven into the war with Spain not by any deep convictions of moral obligation, not by any over-powering transcendent sentiments of humanity, but purely by the impulse of action which is so characteristic of us as a people. Our nation by inherited temperament and by the compulsive power of an abounding vitality chafes at the passive and the statical. It longs for a new experience. We demand every now and then a change of heroes, political leaders, favorite novelists, creeds and systems. We have a tremendous appetency for new fads, new social panaceas, new idols and "new gods." We dread ennui, we must have movement, experiment, change.

Some years ago our political shibboleth was fiat money, a little later it was bimetallism, now it is paternalism in government, municipal and state. And this last political fetish will not, I fear, be so easily disposed of as the two former. Those who live in the more tranquil and leisurely world of the South are not so conscious of this national nervousness as those of us who live in the very midst of the industrial problem, in the great surging and ever murmuring cities of commerce. But nothing is more certain than that the industrial masses of this nation are in a state of vague unrest and ready and anxious to move forward to some experiment in the way of economic and social reconstruction, unless the headway be checked by wise leadership.

What then is the reason of this popular passion for experiment and change? Is it increasing austerity of economic conditions? Surely not, for the generality of people have never been so comfortable as they are now. Is it the tyranny of wealth? Only the unreflecting or the demagogue would so maintain; for though here and there wealth may be occasionally arrogant and oppressive, the generality of wealth is keenly conscious of its larger obligations to society. We have, as all nations have, men with accommodating consciences in the world of high finance, but they are so conspicuous and odious only because they are so exceptional. The thing that distinguishes the rich man

of to-day from all other days is not the vice of dishonesty, but the virtue of democracy that enthroned in his conscience if not in his heart commands him to bestow his wealth upon the world with large and bountiful hand. Our age is an age of commerce, but it is also an age notable for the regal magnificence of its philanthropies. The explanation of this malady of restlessness is neither the nude circumstances of the masses on the one hand nor the tyranny of the rich on the other. It is ignorance, not an ignorance that has its origin as ignorance usually has in a deficient mentality, but a more dangerous ignorance born of limit-edness of historic vision. As a people we are intensely conscious of certain economic and political evils and we want, naturally enough, to get rid of them; but we have not in sufficient measure the counterbalancing conservative temperament, a virtue occasionally inherited but more generally acquired and that is in nearly all cases associated with the historic consciousness which tells us, if it tells us anything, that radical political change is an incessant failure and that all social amelioration is the product of slow and continuous development. It is this historic consciousness that is most to be desired in our political leaders in this country at the present time. We do not so much need men who are experts in the facts and logic of political economy, men with a sectional hobby, men who babble in exuberant rhetoric about the virtues of their party. We need men of another stamp, men of the large commanding eye, who see far and wide and deep, statesmen with the historic sense of proportion, moderation and continuity, statesmen who will teach their constituencies to think and hope and act along lines of sanity. And statesmen of this diviner mould are always the men who are large with the catholic largeness and wise with the calm and dispassionate wisdom of the academic ideal.

A final reason for the supremacy of the academic method in our higher institutions of learning is that it has a subtle affinity for amenity and grace of manners. Now manners, no doubt, are the small change in the commerce of man with man and soul with soul. They are not like the edicts of the decalogue essential to the dominativeness of a people. They are not even of the

essence of a great man's power. We may regret it, but history and biography are replete with evidences that the puissance of a people is not always allied with suavity and that commandingness of personality is not always associated with benignity and beauty of spirit. Napoleon was majestic, impassive, imperturbable, but he was not urbane. He had the talents of a celestial, the administrative faculties of a king of kings, but his manners were at times crude with the crudity of the peasant. If ever in the world of literature there lived and ruled a man of force, it was Samuel Johnson. He compelled by the virility, the massiveness, the vastness of his intellect, the homage of the great men of his day. He was a lord among the lords of letters, statesmanship and art; and yet as we behold him revealed by Boswell's consummate genius, he is, despite the herculean proportions of his intellect and the almost feminine tenderness of his sympathies, a sad philistine, a gruff and ponderous boor. If, however, personal force is sometimes compatible with crudity, a close scrutiny of the facts of life shows us that the most perfect expressions of personal force are always found defined by lines of chastity and loveliness. Life at its best must be more than powerful, it must be beautiful.

A really great nation must not only have the possessions, the wealth, the intellectual culture and the art of the civilian, it must also have the address, the manners of the civilian. It is not enough for the man of letters to write with fullness of matter and vigor of logic; if he would do full justice to his art he must write with beauty of form. The English of those masters of style, Addison, Matthew Arnold, Walter Pater, is aromatic; there is about it a delicious flavour of words, an exquisite delicacy and pertinency of phrase. The purest prose comes to us not in homespun, but in court dress. Style is a fact of central significance in letters. It is also a fact of central significance in life. Nobility of bearing, sweetness of attitude, a fine consideration of others, that indefinable charm of the exterior man named urbanity, these are the minor virtues inculcated by the prophets of the lovely and whose function it is to envelop social intercourse in a mild transmissive atmosphere, conducive to the facile and happy exchange between man and man of the commodities of

mind and heart. These lesser virtues, however lightly the hard man of commerce and of action may esteem them, are none the less a mighty factor in the joy of life. And yet herein lies, I fear, our great lack as a nation. We are brave and energetic and intelligent, but we are not a people of manners. We are too urgent, obtrusive and aggressive. We are deficient in serenity, in sweetness, in the sense of the appropriate and the opportune. A scholar of rare distinction, Dr. Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard, said some years ago that we were as a nation lacking in civility. Our *amour propre* was severely wounded by the criticism. The criticism was true then; it is true now.

For though we shall find nowhere a more complete realization of the instinct for the beautiful in conduct than among individual Americans, still even the most ardent lover of our country, if he be critical and impartial in his judgment, must admit that as a people we fall sadly short of the ultimate perfection of civilization, perfection of manners, reticence and composure of spirit, beauty of speech and of action. And this ultimate perfection of a great civilization will be our possession only in the measure that we conserve and emphasize in our educational methods the academic ideal, with its long and fine tradition of the minor virtues, with its antique notes of proportion, universality and grace.

JOSEPH ANTHONY MILBURN.

Chicago.

CORRESPONDENCE OF WILLIAM SMITH, AMERICAN MINISTER TO PORTUGAL

When John Quincy Adams, after a year's service as United States minister to Portugal, was transferred to Prussia in 1797, William Smith of South Carolina, a prominent Federalist, was appointed to succeed him. At the same time William Vans Murray of Maryland was appointed minister to Holland. Smith was on intimate terms with James McHenry, the Secretary of War, and carried on with him an extensive correspondence during the two years which followed his arrival at Lisbon. From that correspondence the following letters have been selected because of the interesting glimpses they give of society at the Portuguese court, the report of events which were occurring in the great war then being waged between France and England, and the reflections on American politics, as they appeared to an ardent partisan in European surroundings.

On Oct. 24, 1797, Timothy Pickering, Secretary of State, wrote McHenry from Trenton, where his department was situated because of the epidemic of yellow fever in Philadelphia:

"On Sunday morning (the 22d) I received letters from Mr. T. Bulkley dated at Lisbon Augt. 26, 27, 29. The vessel by which he wrote sailed unexpectedly; and Mr. Smith & my son being in the country to spend a few days with his father, knew not of the conveyance.—They arrived the 20th of August, after a passage of 27 days from the capes of the Delaware. They embarked at Newcastle July 20.

"Mr. B. confirms the account of Nelson's expedition to Teneriffe, & his defeat. I sent details extracted from Mr. B's letter to Fenno, on Sunday.

"The preliminaries of peace between France and Portugal had been signed & brought to Lisbon by a courier, who arrived August 25. Terms not made public. Mr. B. supposes, some cession of territory at the Brazils — some say also the island of Goa — and the payment of 25 millions of livres."

Smith brought with him to Lisbon as his secretary, John Pickering, (1777-1846) eldest son of the Secretary of State, who had graduated from Harvard in the previous year and who had before him a long and honorable career as a linguist and a lawyer in Massachusetts. The times were stirring ones. Admiral John Jarvis with the English fleet and with the efficient assistance of Nelson had won the battle of Cape St. Vincent in the early part of 1797 and defeated the Spanish fleet. He was now blockading the remaining vessels of that fleet off Cadiz and remained on that duty until 1799. Nelson, on July 21, with four ships of the line, three frigates and a cutter had attacked Santa Cruz and after a conflict lasting several days, was defeated, and wounded in the right elbow, from the effect of which wound he lost his arm. Maria Francisca, the widowed Queen of Portugal, had been insane for a number of years and her son Dom John, the Prince of the Brazils, had administered the government since 1792, although he was not declared regent until 1799. In 1793, an alliance was made with Spain and war declared against France. Two years later the Spanish government, influenced by the "handsome but worthless" guardsman, Manuel de Godoy, Duke of Alcudia (1767-1851) signed the peace of Bash, deserting its Portuguese ally. Godoy, who had come to Madrid some ten years before the peace, had early caught the favor of the Queen Maria Louisa and through her that of her husband Charles IV, had been made prime minister in 1793, when only about 25 years of age, and dominated the affairs of Spain until 1805, when he was overthrown and fled to France, where he spent the remainder of his life. From the peace he concluded in 1795, he took the title of Prince of the Peace, by which title Smith refers to him. The prime minister of Portugal was Luis Pinto de Sousa Coutinho and, after the desertion of Portugal by Spain, he was assisting Dom John in the attempt to negotiate a separate peace with France, when Smith arrived at Lisbon. On the other hand, a strong influence in Portugal at that time favored alliance with England and continued war with France and, through the English government, the services of the Prince of Waldeck were secured to reorganize the Portuguese army. When news of this appointment came to France, the Directory concluded a

treaty with the Portuguese ambassador, Antonio de Araujo de Azevedo, but Dom John refused to ratify it and in rage the Directory imprisoned the unfortunate ambassador at the Spanish Court. Col. David Humphreys of Connecticut was the American minister to Spain, having previously spent the five years from 1791 to 1796 as minister resident at Lisbon. The two courts had been connected by the marriage of Dom John to Carlotta Joaquina, daughter of the King of Spain. In 1798, the Spanish posts on the Mississippi, such as Natchez, were given up to the United States and American envoys were ordered out of France by Talleyrand. These events and the excitement produced by the latter in the United States are alluded to in Smith's letters. He seems to have been on good terms with the English, not only knowing Lord St. Vincent pleasantly, but also being friendly with Sir Isaac Coffin (1759-1839), a native of Boston, who entered the Royal Navy in 1773, was Naval Commissioner at Lisbon from 1796 to 1793, and later rose to the rank of Admiral.

From Lisbon on Aug. 24, 1797, Smith sent Pickering the following letter announcing his arrival:

"I had the pleasure of writing you a few lines on the 20th, the day of our arrival, by a vessel bound to Alexandria, which was under sail, immediately after we anchored in the Tagus. This goes by a Vessel bound from St. Ubes¹ to Philadelphia. — We landed here on the 21st. & on the next day, accompanied by Mr. Bulkeley, Jun'r, I waited on Mr. Pinto, the Secretary of State, was very politely received, & informed that he would make my arrival known to the Prince, & notify me on what day it would Suit his Highness to receive my credentials. As the Secretary was not in good health, & the Prince resides at some distance from Town, it will be some day next week before I am presented. When this Ceremony is over, I propose retiring to the Country for a few weeks, the City being at present disagreeable.

"On our passage we were brought to by a small flying Squadron of French Ships; two officers came on board, examined our papers & after detention of less than two hours, suffered us to

¹ St. Ubes is a Portugal seaport.

proceed. They behaved with the utmost politeness & had very much the manners of gentlemen. The Commodore, on my application, sent me a certificate of our examination, to prevent molestation by Cruisers. The officers seemed very anxious for Peace, which they said would certainly take place during the Summer: in this however they may be disappointed, the accounts being rather unfavorable; but as the negotiations are conducted with secrecy, every report on this Subject must be founded on a slender basis; at one moment we hear that the pretensions of France are so extravagant that England cannot listen to them, at another, that *Trincomalee*² is the only remaining subject of controversy. It is certain that both Nations are anxious for Peace & ill able to continue the War; I am impatient to learn what part the new minister of foreign affairs, Talleyrand, will act in respect to England and the United States. You must have been as much surprised at his elevation as myself, in the present conflict of parties, by which that government is agitated, I doubt, whether he will remain long in office, as he is a shrewd, & interested politician, he will probably pursue that course which he thinks will tend to his own aggrandizement.— The Danes have met with a great loss in their able Minister, Bernstoff: he is succeeded by his Son. The day after my arrival I had a visit from the Danish Minister, Warnstet who expressed a desire to cultivate a friendship with me. He freely complained of the ill treatment his Country had sustained from the English & French during the present war, regretted much that the U. S. had not a Navy, which he said was always the first wish of Count Bernstoff;³ that an alliance might take place between the

² Trincomalee is a port in Ceylon.

³ Andreas Peter Bernstoff (1735-1797) was born in Hanover, but entered the Danish service in which his uncle was a Minister of State, in 1759. He had been for several years the Prime Minister and had shown himself efficient and successful.

The son, Christian Bernstoff (1769-1835), had been ambassador to Berlin and Stockholm. He tried to preserve Danish neutrality, but could not prevent England's destruction of the fleet at Copenhagen. He was ambassador to Paris in 1811, represented Denmark in the Congress of Vienna and signed the cession of Norway to Sweden. In 1818, he passed into the service of Prussia.

neutral powers to defend their Commerce effectually in time of war.

"The Government of this country is taking active measures to defend their frontiers against Spain, & protect the Commerce against France; they have even made reprisals & have brought in here some small french privateers. They have a squadron of five Sail of the Line at Sea, & a considerable number of Troops, encamped in the neighborhood of Lisbon, consisting of English, French Emigrants & Portuguese, besides an army on the Frontier. To support the extra Expense occasioned by these preparations (in which England has aided them with £200.000 Stirl.) they have issued paper bills to the amount of 1.500.000 dollars, which are a Tender in Law in all payments: I have seen one of the bills just come into circulation; it promises payment in one year at the royal Treasury with six per cent interest; I dont understand that there is any obstacle to their free currency; if they maintain their credit, they will be extremely useful in negotiations, there being no other paper in circulation.

"There was found on board one of the Privateers brought in here, a Paper purporting to be an instruction to the Commander of the Privateer designating the mode of distinguishing a genuine American Sea-Letter & Register from counterfeit ones: this came into the hand of Mr. Bulkeley's father, & he has permitted me to send you a copy of it. We may infer from this Paper, that there is a practice in England of forging these documents to some extent, which requires instant remedy, either by calling in old Sea Letters & Registers or by such devices as may guard as effectually as the nature of the case will permit against these frauds: We may likewise infer from the great pains & accuracy with which these Papers are described that there is an intention to respect Vessels having real bona fide Papers, & that Some Captures may possibly be attributed to a detection of forged ones. Captain Dehart tells me he has been several times boarded by french Cruisers & that after a short examination of his Papers (which has been some times done by an exact admeasurement of the Seal &c.) he has been always released.

"The consul Mr. Bulkeley, informs me that American Sea

Letters supposed to be forged, have been sold for a Trifle, & that he has no doubt of the practice.

"Col. Humphreys quitted Lisbon about the beginning of this month; his arrival at Madrid was announced by the last Post. Mr. Adams was daily expected here & I am told some of his baggage is actually arrived. As your Son writes by this Vessel I need not inform you that he is in good health, but I cannot withhold the pleasure of assuring you how much I am pleased with him: he more than realizes the account you gave of him & exceeds my most sanguine anticipations:— He suffered greatly by the Voyage for the first week, but from his looks he now appears to have been benefitted by his sea-sickness.— Altho there appears, from the circumstance I have communicated, respecting the Sea Letter, an intention some where to respect Vessels having genuine Documents, conforming to the principles France has assumed with respect to us, yet it is too true that some of their Cruisers have captured our Vessels without any pretext whatever; an instance has lately occurred of an American being carried into Spain by a French Privateer *for having on board the Colors of three different nations*; she was cleared however, but it is said that by an order from the Prince of Peace She was restored to the Captor. I am promised the particulars of this Case by the Consul, which I will forward to you:— the owner of the Vessel is, I understand, now here.—"

On the same day, he wrote a less formal letter to McHenry:

"I have the pleasure to inform you of my safe arrival here on the 20th. after a passage of 27 days from the Capes. Near the Western Isles, was espied at day break on the 15th. three ships of war which were standing to the Westward; but as soon as they saw us they tacked about & chased; they hoisted English Colors, till they came near & then they changed them to French & fired a gun. We lay to & were boarded by two officers from the Concord Frigate of 44 Guns, having on board the Commodore Papin; I addressed the senior officer in French, invited them into the Cabin, informed them who I was and showed them my passport from De le Tombe; they inquired for the Ship's papers which they examined very minutely; then they

took memorandums & returned to their Vessel; as they behaved with the utmost politeness, I requested a Certificate from the Commodore of our Examination to prevent our being molested by Privateers, they were absent some time & on their return presented me the Compliments of the Commodore & a Certificate, setting forth that they had examined the ship & desiring all French Vessels of war to respect me. The senior officer then with an apparent bashfulness (of which I little expected) said he was charged with a little commission which was to request a small supply of Sugar having lost their Stock by a Sea; we furnished them cheerfully with half our remaining stock, happy to get off so well. They wished us a bon voyage & took their leave, having behaved with as much respectful politeness as I ever saw from french officers under the old regime. The two other Vessels were the Nereide of 44 & the Bergere of 20. They told us that they were out eleven days, from L'Orient to the W. Indies, but we suspect that they are on a cruise about the Western Isles. Last night we were waited on by a formal gentleman in a full suit of black who came to make some inquiries about this Squadron which report had informed him was left by us in sight of the Portuguese Squadron; Mr. B. assured him that it was a mistake, as we saw no Portuguese Ships; perhaps said he asking pardon for the liberty, you were asleep when the Portug. Squad. came in Sight; he however went away at length satisfied that they were in no danger: there is a Squadron of five Sail of the Line of Portugal cruising on the Coast, & this anxious gentleman is Comptroller or Auditor of the Navy.

"Our voyage was as pleasant & comfortable as being 27 days at Sea can be; I experienced every attention from my worthy companion, Mr. Bulkeley, & am at present at his father's, whose house is in a noble situation, on the great Quay, commandg an extensive prospect of the Tagus & Shipping which are all anchored in the river, there being no wharves: this occasions a prodigious bustle of navigation, employing a vast number of boats, perpetually in motion.— Before my eyes are the four Spanish Ships taken by Ad. Jervis; they are waiting for men. That Admiral is still blockading Cadiz. Yesterday an account arrived here that Admiral Nelson with a small force from Jervis's fleet,

had made an unsuccessful attack on Teneriff & retired with loss; the Admiral had lost an arm in the engagement with the Fort, which was too strong for him.

"I have made my bow to the Secretary of State, Mr. Pinto, who knew the President in London; I am to be presented next week to the Prince & when that business is settled I shall retire to Cintra for a few weeks. I have taken the house occupied by my Predecessor who has left a great part of his furniture in it which I take — I find the weather cooler than I expected; this may be owing to my staying mostly within doors & the very cool situation of Mr. Bulkeley's house. Since my arrival, the weather has appeared much cooler than it was in Philadelphia when I left it.

"This Govt. appears apprehensive of a war with Spain, & is raising troops for the defence of the country, they are actually at war with France & have taken some French privateers the French on their part have done them an immense injury. There is an army in the environs of this City, paid I am told, by England; there is another on the frontier paid by Portugal.

"I hope to hear from you soon; I was happy to see in an English paper an account of Murray's arrival in Holland." —

The next letter written on Sept. 9, 1797, tells of Smith's reception at Court and of his desire to be sent as envoy to Spain, with which country we were having some difficulty over the navigation of the Mississippi River and the surrender by Spain of the forts she held along that stream.

"Since my last I have spent a very agreeable fortnight at the Country Seat of Mr. Bulkeley a few miles from hence, delightfully situated on the Tagus. Finding that my audience would not take place immediately & not daring to venture far from town until the presentation was over, I was happy in having an opportunity of spending the intermediate time in a pleasant & cool retreat, where I could be ready on receiving notice to repair to town & prepare for the Ceremony. This took place yesterday; a new minister having arrived a few days after me from Prussia, we jointly borrowed the Danish Minister's Chariot & four Servants & having hired Six Mules we proceeded in great State in

our Chariot & Six to Quelus, about 8 miles from town.. He was first presented; I was then Introduced, made the proper reverences at the proper distances & delivered to the Prince of Brazil, who represents the Sovereign, the President's Letter, making him a very concise address in French to which he replied in terms as laconic in French that he was very glad to See me & would acquaint his Mother of my arrival: I then made my bows retreating with my face to the Prince & withdrew; had I not rehearsed this Ceremony with my friend the Dane, a very good natured friendly man, I should have probably committed some fauxpas I did afterwards at my audience of the Princess, respecting which (there having been some doubt whether I shod. See her Highness) I had not been so particular in my inquiries; being suddenly ushered into a large room where I beheld a splendid sight of Ladies in large hoops, arranged along the wainscot in Solemn Silence, as cold and awful as the Wax-work; I was a little discomposed at first, but recovering myself approached the Princess, whom I discovered by her Jewels, & told her in French how happy I should be if I shod. be honored with her favor & protection during my residence at this court, to which she made some very gracious reply, which I didn't understand not having heard it; I then, wishing to be abundantly polite, & to bow to the Ladies who were paraded along the wall on my way out, unfortunately was so indecent as actually to turn my Side to the Princess & indeed very nearly turned my back; when I approached the door, I recollect my crime & to expiate it suddenly faced about & made her Highness a most profound reverence & withdrew. But when we got into the antechamber, I found that I had omitted a very essential part of the Ceremony, which was, making a Complimentary speech to the Prince's sister and his daughter, a child of four years, a circumstance I had not been apprised of: I was however consoled on learning from the Prussian Minister that he had committed the same blunder; this he attributed to the neglect of the proper officer, in not having accompanied & introduced us; as the Prussian Minister is Chamberlain to his King, has lately been presented to the Emperor, the Directory & the Court of Spain, I was comforted by his blunder, & he was comforted, after some fretting, by the

blunder of the Master of the Ceremonies. He told me he had prepared a very pretty speech for each of the ladies, but he could not distinguish them, & to add to his chagrin he altogether forgot to deliver to the Princess a message from her mother the Queen of Spain with which he was charged. — On our return from the Palaces we paid some Visits to the Officers of State & then dined with the Corps Diplomatique at the Danish Ministers. In the evening I went for the first time to the Opera; the House is a fine one, large & commodious; it has five rows of boxes; the music & Singers are excellent, but there are no women allowed to appear on the stage at Lisbon; this is done by the Queen to preserve the morals of the young Gentry: the female parts are performed by men in women's cloaths, the thing which perform'd the first female character made a very good deception, it has a remarkably fine voice.—

“The day after tomorrow I set out for Cintra for a few weeks. To morrow I dine at a Fidalgo's (Nobleman's),

“The late Treaty with France is ratified here; the English government is Said to be very much offended with Portugal for having entered into Stipulations, injurious to England; we hear nothing decisive from Lisle.—

“I wish to make an excursion into Spain — is it not probable that Spain will expect an Envoy Extry. or a Commission of two or three Envys to settle our differences; should any arrangemt. of this kind be thought of, it will be extremely agreeable to me to go to Madrid in that Character; there will be no expense attending it. I am learning the Portuguese Language & can soon acquire the Spanish.—

“Col. Humphries & myself being on the most friendly footing, I shd. suppose he wod. have no objection to my being associated with him for a particular object & we cod. settle the business without a third Envoy.”

Just a month later Smith wrote again and referred to an event which had occurred during his Congressional career by Washington.(2 McMaster 334) When James Monroe protested against his removal from the post of minister to France, Pickering answered that the President may remove at will all officers but

judges of the Supreme Court. On May 19, 1789 Madison moved in the House of Representatives that the executive officers should be appointed by the President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and removable by the President alone. Smith objected (1 Debates of Congress 386, 387) saying that he thought an officer appointed for no fixed time served for life or good behavior and if he misbehaved, he could be suspended, tried, convicted and removed.

"I returned from Cintra to Town the 2d. inst. & have been for this week past very busy getting my house arranged: I have still much to do before it will be comfortable; the Situation of it is very lofty, commanding a fine prospect of the Tagus, shipping & Ocean; this however makes it very bleak in winter & requires extraordinary precautions to guard against the Cold, which is very severe here at times, tho few houses have any fire places, except in the Kitchen; I have two in my house, but one is stopped up, & the other smokes dreadfully; unless I can remedy this evil, I must follow the custom of the country which is to smother under enormous cloaks.—

"I spent three weeks at Cintra very pleasantly, the country all around it is beautifully romantic, & we had dancing twice a week. If you wish to know more of it, I must refer you to Mad. de Feire who will describe to you the orange groves & picturesque rocks &c—

"Hearing on my arrival in Lisbon that Mr. Adams had sent his furniture here (altho Col. Humphries had left in the house nearly what was necessary) I wrote to Mr. Adams that if it suited him, I would take off his hands such articles as I wanted, as I thought it would be a great risk & expence to him to send them back again; a few days ago I got a Letter from him, thanking me very politely for my offer, but informing me that he had sent nothing but Books and Cloaks, — which of course must follow him.—

"I have recd. a most friendly letter from Col. Humphries since my arrival in Portugal; this suggests to me an idea which I communicated to you in my last & which I here repeat lest that letter should not arrive. I wish to visit Madrid in the

Spring; if it comports with the policy of the Executive to adjust our differences with Spain as with France by a Commission, my going to Madrid as an Envoy (in conjunction with Col. H.) for that purpose wod. be very agreeable to me: a third would be unnecessary, & there cou. be little, if any expence attending the mission:— if this agrees with your idea, you will oblige me by forwarding it. The winter amusements will begin here in about a month; I cannot safely anticipate an opinion of Lisbon, as a place of residence but, as I wish to make but a short stay in Europe, & during that time to see as much of it as possible, I think by the Spring I shall be prepared to change my quarters, if I am permitted.—

“I have as yet received no letters from America, you may easily judge of my impatience to hear from thence & particuly. from you; in some New York papers I have read Talleyrand’s discourse to the National Institute on the Subject of the U. S. & the Correspond. between the Secy. of State & Monroe, I was very agreeably surprised to find Talleyrand treat us so civilly; should he be continued in office, I hope he will not forget this discourse, which may furnish him with many useful hints. The Secy. has handled the subject of Executive discretion admirably & Monroe has made a most wretched figure: If you look into the Debates of Congress (1 Vol. June 1789,) you will find this subject fully handled; I was on that occasion on the wrong & Madison on the right side; his speeches are an excellent answer to his friend Monroe; I gave the Secy a hint of this before I left Philada.—

“I am exceedingly pleased with my young friend & Secretary; he has an excellent understanding & the most amiable disposition; he is daily improving a Sound Judgment by acquired Knowledge which he seeks with unremitted application. We began together to learn Portuguese. He outsteps me; being recently from College he has acquired the Knowledge of the Verbs, a very important trait; however tho little more than 6 weeks in Portugal, I fight my way through & converse with the Shopkeepers, workmen and Servants very flippantly; I am afraid yet to venture with the Fidalgos & gentry: I had the satisfaction yesterday of finding that I could speak the language better than an

old friend of mine (the late Consul of Louis 16th.) who has been here ten years."

In October occurred Pres. Adams's birthday and on the 21st of the month Smith wrote Mr. Henry an account of his celebration of that event and enclosed a report of the dinner to be published in Feno's Federal Gazette:

"I wrote you since my return to Lisbon, & have therefore nothing to communicate but the account of the Dinner I gave on the 19th. to the Americans here to celebrate the President's birth-day: I was not perfectly prepared for such an occasion having been only a fortnight in my house; thinking however that it was best to do the thing even imperfectly than to let the Day pass unnoticed, I exerted myself, & made out tolerably well. I enclose you an account of the Celebration which Feno will publish I am sure with pleasure; the Toasts are on a Separate paper for your information; you will think them not worth publishing. Among my Guests was a Captain Israel who informed me that he was the Son of the famous Israel Israel: — we were the best friends in the world; I have been told that there were two or three Jacobins present, but they all behaved extremely well; they joined in the Toasts with great zeal & we sang & were very merry; at first they were bashful, but when I set them the example of singing, they threw aside reserve & were very convivial.

"I am very impatient to hear from you; I have not recd a letter from the U. States since my departure. I have enclosed to Col. Pickering an Extract from a french paper, containing a Summary of his Correspond. with Monroe, with a note of the Editor, which Citizen M. will not like.

"Having sent the Sec'y of State all the news stirring here by this opportunity, I have only to add the warmest assurances of Esteem & regard."

The enclosure reads as follows:

"Celebration of the President's birthday at Lisbon: 'Thursday the 19th. October being the Anniversary of the President's Birth, was celebrated at Lisbon by Mr. Smith, the Minister of

the United States at that Court, who gave on the Occasion an Entertainment at his Hotel at Buenos-Ayres to a numerous and respectable Company of American Captains & Citizens. After sixteen patriotic Toasts intermixed with convivial songs, the Company, having spent the day with great good humor and festivity, broke up at nine o'clock, much pleased with the occasion, which had collected together so many Americans at such a distance from home. All the American vessels in the Harbour were gayly decorated during the day & at twelve o'clock a federal salute of sixteen guns was fired by some of them in honor of the day, and at five in the afternoon was repeated. This Anniversary occurring on a day, highly distinguished in the Annals of the American Revolution by the Surrender of York-town, the recollection of so auspicious an event could not fail to increase the happiness of the Company.'"

Ten days later, Smith wrote again, complaining that he did not hear from home and telling McHenry of the social life of the Portuguese capital:

"I have so much satisfaction in recollecting your agreeable Society & feel so much interested in making you think of me a little from time to time, that, altho I have already written you Several letters from hence and have yet received not a single one from you, yet I can with difficulty suffer any Vessel to sail from Lisbon to the U. S. without giving you a friendly Jog & reminding you of your friend in Portugal. — Since my last I have been a good deal in the Beau Mondo here, as the winter amusements have commenced. To begin the week, Mrs. Pinto, the Lady of the Secretary of State has a Route every Sunday, where there is, (after all the Preliminaries of Bows, Curtsies, Compliments & Inquiries, which generally last three hours) cards and dancing; & as it is at the distance of three or four miles from Town these preliminaries, with the going and returning, consume the best of the Evening. Monday is the Opera night; but as they generally continue the same opera for two months together, none but an enthusiast in music would think of going very often, unless it were with a desire to see the Com-

pany, & that is impossible on account of the width and darkness of the Theatre.

"Tuesday & Wednesday nights there are routes at the Houses of Two Noble Persons, much in the same stile as at Mrs. Pinto's. Thursday is the English Ball; it is every week; the room is very elegant, the music excellent, & the Company numerous & genteel; there are a number of pretty English women, who dress extremely well.— This is undoubtedly the most agreeable entertainment of the week. Friday, opera night; Saturday, a Ball at the Prince of Waldeck's, a very genteel Officer, second in command in Portugal; he was in the Service of the Emperor & lost an arm a few years ago in Flanders; he is now by the Emperor's permission in the Queen's Service & it is expected will soon be Generalissimo. He has a very handsome establishment at the public expence, Besides all this there are often private dances, it being very customary to introduce a fiddle wherever any young people are assembled. There is also a Portuguese Play twice a week, but I have not yet made profit'y enough in the Language to attend it, tho I am obliged every day to converse in it with my Servants & Tradesmen. In addition to these there are other amusements which I overlooked, viz. religious festivals & Bull Feasts.

"I received this morning a very friendly visit from Ld. St. Vincent. He sat with me upwards of half an hour chatting on different subjects: among other things, he assured me, as a fact that one great cause of the success of Bonaparte's troops was his giving every man, immedy. before the action, a Dram of *Nectar Sacré*, a liquor composed of wine & cantharides, which makes them so furious — that they are irresistible: So, Mr. Secretary at War, you'll take the hint, & imitate the conduct of this great Land-Conqueror, as related by a great Sea-Conqueror, if you shod. be compelled to fight the Spaniards on the Mississippi: take care however you don't pursue the practice against the Indians for as they carry their Squaws to battle with them, the effect of the Nectar-Sacré may operate on the wrong subject & be fatal to your brave Warriors. . . . Not a Vessel has arrived here from Philada. since the Dominick Terry: I am afraid some of these are taken & my Carriage into the bagain. Mr.

Bulkeley recd. a few days ago a letter from Mr. Waln. of the 4 Sept. by the way of Falmouth; I wish you would write by that channel, as the Packet arrives here from thence every ten days or fortnight, & the other conveyances are very precarious. By that Letter Mr. B. recd. the disagreeable intelligence of the yellow fever having broke out in Philada. like a good General, I trust, you made a proper retreat in time from the Scene of danger, knowing that your Life was too valuable to expose to the ravages of such an implacable foe. As the Disease is now well understood, I flatter myself the Sons of Esculapius have Soon vanquished it."—

On Feb. 18, 1798, Smith wrote McHenry rejoicing over news from America and describing the relations of the United States with the countries of the Peninsula:

"At length I have had the pleasure of hearing from you by the Swede which arrived about a week ago. It gave me much satisfaction to hear that you were well & that you had been sensible of my absence from Philada. On my part I can assure you that in my frequent Solitary walks in the beautiful environs of Lisbon I regret that I have lost you as a Companion & ardently wish you were with me to partake of the delights of a divine Climate & to admire the beautiful Scenery of the Country:— I often wish for the society of our friend Murray who writes me that his Spirits have been at times depressed by the gloomy fogs of Holland. By the last accots. from Holland it appears that they have had also their *18th Fructidor*⁴; the F. Directory finding that the Dutch were very decided about a Constitution have made one for them & finding that a majority of the Batavian Convention did not relish it, they have caused the arrest of the six members of the Committee of foreign affairs (or public Safety) & twenty one other members of the Convention who are all to be transported to Cayenne; the Constitution will now meet no further difficulty from the Dutch Aristocrats. What a pity we hadn't such means

⁴On the 18 Fructidor 1797 (September four) a *coup d'état* occurred, a conspiracy of the Royalist. being feared, the Directory was given dictatorial powers and a number of members of the aristocratic party were exiled.

in '88 & '89 to *facilitate* the adoption of our Constitution; what a deal of labor & writing might have been spared!

"The present moment is unfortunately very unfavorable to the views you have suggested respecting a commercial connection with this Country: their minister at Paris is confined in the Temple & they are seriously menaced with an Invasion — it is even said that an army is collecting for that purpose & that a contract is made in Spain to Supply it with provisions *after the Harvest*: the Event is uncertain — but I rather think the appearance of an invasion is intended to extort a larger sum a greater sacrifice for peace. under these critical circumstances the whole attention of this govt. is absorbed in means to ward off the impending danger & to make peace with France without incurring war with England. But even were these circumstances out of the way there is a great & permanent obstacle to the Measure in the Policy & views of this govt. which entertains a strong Jealousy respecting it's Colonies & an unconquerable fear of admitt'g foreigners there — These shall not however deter me from feeling their pulse on the subject the first opporty. & persevering, if the ~~smallest~~ prospect shod. appear of success.— Some relaxation has taken place in their System on account of the scarcity of provisions; some Cargoes of rice have been well sold but it is by *special permission*. Flour they admit occasionally in the same way — this City is nearly surrounded with *Wind-Mills* the property of influential persons, whose revenues would be greatly impaired by the admission of foreign flour. Our wheat is almost supplanted by Barbary wheat, which is imported much cheaper than ours: our Embargo in '94 set them on importing Wheat from Barbary & they have found the benefit of it to our great disadvantage.

"Col. Humphries in a late Letter (Jan. 20th.) informs me that 'the Prince of Peace had just assured him that *positive* orders had been dispatched to America for the delivery of the posts & that he might rely upon their hav'g. been carried into effect: he adds, that since his arrival at Madrid no Vessel belonging to a citizen of the U. S. which had been carried into Spain by a Spanish privateer had been condemned.' If this be true (& we cant disbelieve the Prince of Peace) I heartily congratulate you

on the Event, which will greatly Diminish your official cares & anxiety. With respect to myself, I can only say that my Zeal for the service of my Country will be unabated in whatever place the Executive may think me most useful. It is not for me to suggest new views of policy to the governt. but it has occurred to me, that the late acquisition of the Emperor of Venice & the neighbor'g territory & the prospect of Austria becoming a naval & commercial power are circumstances likely to draw the attention of our governt, towards that Power.

"I have this moment received from Commissioner Coffin (the British naval Commiss. here) a note containing an extract of a Letter from Ld. St. Vincent of which the inclosed is a Copy—if the Earl overtakes the Spanish fleet before they enter Cadiz, he will, I think, diminish their numbers, if not, he will probably get the valuable Convoy from America, which is said to have brought the Spanish fleet out. It is possible the plan of the Spanish Admiral was to chase Admiral Barker from before Cadiz, & drive him from the Coast & then get into Brest, by which the Convoy would have got in safe to Cadiz, & the long promised junction made with the Brest fleet; but Parker, pursued by him, steered for Lisbon, off which he was immedy. joined by Ld. St. V. & then they chased in turn the Spaniards. You will see that Ld. St. V. was in charge of them on the *tenth*, & he only sailed from hence the morning of the 9th. we are in momentary expectation of further & important intellig'e.

"Yesterday an American Vessel arrived here from Bourdeaux; the Captain States that the American Envoys were ordered out of France & that the American Merchants at Bourdeaux were much alarmed; but I have recd., from the same Captain, Paris to 29 Jany. which mention nothing of the event. It is not impossible that our Envoys, tired out with fruitless expectatns. had resolved to leave Paris & retire to Holland:— their situation at Paris is certainly a very degrading one to the U. S. if it be true that they have been kept there *four months* without even an Audience.

"Yesterday an express arrived from England with dispatches to the Secy. of State; the contents have not transpired.—

"My carriage is not yet landed; I thank you for your kind attention to my memorandm. respecting it."

Extract of a Letter from Admiral Earl St. Vincent to Commissioner Coffin, received this morning (Feb. 15) by Express from Lugus. ;

"Villa de Paris at Sea

10 Feb. 98.

"We were joined yesterday by the Culloden & Alcmena, so that we have every thing with us except the Zealous. I have dispatched the Flora cutter in quest of her, & am in pursuit of the Enemy

(signed) St. Vincent."

Shortly afterwards, Smith left Lisbon for a Spanish tour. After his return he wrote McHenry on June 23, 1798. Laurent Jean François Truguet, to whom he refers, was the French Ambassador at Madrid and the division of the department of the navy from that of war soon followed in the United States. McHenry retained the war office & Benjamin Stoddert of Maryland was made Secretary of the Navy.

"On the 2d March I left this Place for Gibralter in the Swiftsure British Ship of the Line, had a passage of Ten days, landed there under a federal Salute from the Said ship, was hospitably received by the Governor General OHara, saw all the Fortifications, passed about a fortnight & embarked to return to Lisbon in the same Ship. Going out of the Bay, we had a fierce engagement with the Spanish gun boat in which the Swiftsure received two shots in the hull, five in the sails & had four men wounded — when we got to the Mouth of the Huebra our ship was ordered to join the fleet off Cadiz. I took that opporty. of going into that place in a flag of Truce & passed three weeks here — The Americans there gave me a handsome Dinner — I thence proceeded to Xeres, & Seville at each of which places I passed a few days, & afterwds. to Aranjuez, where the Court was then residing. I was presented by Col. Humphries to the Royal Family — became acquainted with Truguet & the rest of the Corps Dip-

lomatique — went to visit Madrid & the Escurial where I saw a multitude of fine things, returned to Aranjuez, set off from thence to Toledo, saw the manufacture of Sword-blades, & a grand religious Procession on Corpus Christi Day, passed thro Badajoz, Elvas &C. home, where I arrived the 18th. instant.— Were I sure of my letter getting safe into your hands I would tell you many surprizing things, but as I dread the trouble of writing this hot weather many sheets of paper for the amusemt. only of a few Pirates I wish to keep my good things for your Ear. I'll postpone them till we can take a cool walk to the Skuylkill.

"Two days ago I received your letter of the 2d. April, via Madeira; you are very good in writing me the news; with so much business on hand, I consider your devoting part of your time to write to me as a special mark of favor & kindness; remember that I dont consider myself as having a claim on you for letter for letter; write when you can spare time from your more important affairs, but remr. at the same time that your letters always afford me the greatest pleasure.

"I am happy to find that the Posts have at length been surrendered by the Spaniards; while at Aranjuez, I had a conversation with Saavedra the new Minister, on the Subject of our Treaty with Spain; it Seems that under the Prince of Peace's administn. it was attempted to persuade the King as a justifcn. of their refusals to comply with the Treaty that the U. S. were indisposed to do it, & the idea had been communicated to Saavedra. Col. H. thought it a good opporutnity to bring me forward to contradict it, having been in Congress at the time; I accordy. entered minutely into the subject & stated all the circumst. within my Knowledge which proved most manifestly that the U. S. had proceeded to the execution of that Treaty with wonderful promptness & unanimity. I was pleased to find that the Minister appeared perfectly satisfied with my statements. The Col. then thought it a fit oppotry. to intimate how much, after all this, it must grieve the govt. of the U. S. to see continued there a person so obnoxious &C I was again referred to for facts within my Knowledge, when I made a second speech, dwelling forcibly on the facts which appear'd most likely to influence such a man as Saavedra, with whose character I had been previously made

acquainted by the Gentleman (a Spaniard) with whom I had travelled from Cadiz & with whom I have lived at Aranjuez, who is an old & most intimate friend of Saavedra. By the Bye, as I knew that the Minister had proposed to his friend to accept of some office, I took every opporty. of representing our Country in Such a light as has set this gentleman soliciting or at least intimatg. that he will have no objection to the Mission: — perhaps some good may result from it — The Gentleman is a person of the first respectab'y & I am persuaded wod. give the highest Satisfaction to our Govt.— but there will be difficulties on the other Side — the Clerks in the Bureau have a kind of prescriptive right to Succeed in these cases.

"I find you are at length likely to have some Symptoms of a Navy — (4) & that there is to be a Navy Department, but I don't learn which way your propensity inclines, whether to the Army or Navy; as you are to be subdivided into two parts, I wish to know with which part the Soul remains, with the Navy part or the Army part? are you to be Mars or Neptune? are you to wield the Truncheon or the Trident? God prosper you in whatever capacity; you have an arduous task & Sad Devils to deal with — So their Eyes are at length opened — are they not ashamed to confess that they Still wanted something to open them? could any but Villains & fools say that four years ago they didn't know all this? I shall notwithstandingg. appearances, despair of a right State of affairs till the People by some awful acts silence these Traitors or expel them from the Country. Adieu — my Dr. Sir — Prosperity & health attend — I wont say Health & Fraternity, because it is too Jacobinical."

After he had full news from the United States of the measures which were planned to show the country's resentment of France's conduct which was shown in the famed X. Y. Z. dispatches, Smith wrote again on June 23:

"You see by my writing again so soon after my last that I am not so unreasonable as to expect letter for letter, consid'g myself very fortunate when our friendship can call your attention from the great & arduous duties of your Station for a short moment towards Lisbon. I have been for some days past reading with

a mixture of delight & indignation our newspapers & the debate in the House of Reps. some of which would have infallibly made me sick if I had not found an Antidote in the noble address & answers with which the papers so honorably abound & in some most excellent & wise measures which the magnanims. perseverance of a few good men has accomplished. I am delighted with the Volunteer Corps the extension of probation from 5 to 14 years,⁵ the equipment of Vessels — these are grand specimens of real American spirit, had they been adopted at the extraordy. Session, when you recommended measures of a similar complexion we shod. now have secured our object with France; it is most evident that energy in our govt. & unan'y in the citizens can alone bring that gov't to reason, & that when they see we are serious in resistance, they will show a conciliat'y disposition: they are too wise to go to war with America; I have no fear of a war with France, I fear them more *dona ferentes* & my great apprehension now is that they will wheedle us into a baneful fraternity; there is still so much french nonsense lurking about America that very little whining & coaxing may bring about those ridiculous affections which have been so near ruining us. this is the more alarming when we see so much said by those whose authority is dangerous in such a case, about those warm affections & attachments & sympathies & "ligaments of the heart" &C &C what in the name of God have we got by all this whining, which was bad enough some years ago, but appears to me pernicious in the extreme at this hour? can't the suaviter in modo be maintained by decent & mild language without this everlasting cant about our sensibilities & our love and our ardour & all this love sick nonsense? & why perpetually confessing our dread of war & our depreciation of its calamities & that we are ready to agree to any thing to avert its horrors, short of a sacrifice of our independence.— do these people see no horrors no calamities in french rule and tryanny — & the question lies in a nut shell — it is war, or misery under french oppression — where is the man, not a fool or a vile Jacobin, who would not rather risk all his property & his life in an honorable & glorious struggle than ex-

⁵ The new naturalization law.

pose both to the atrocious Dominion, inevitable from submission? All these professions, all these deprecations have no other effect than to harden the hearts of the Directory & to convince them that we dread them now as much as we loved them formerly." . . .

Smith gave his views as to the proper course for the United States to pursue towards France in a letter written on Nov. 18, 1789, in which he refers to the loss of the Toulon fleet, that is probably to Nelson's victory at the battle of Aboukir of the Nile:

"After reading in the Papers that Congress had resolved to raise standing armies & provisional armies & volunteer Corps &C &C, I gave up all hopes of getting a Letter from you during the alarm of Invasion, sensible that with all your wanted activity, your time would not suffice for even your official duties.

"Wishing you well thro' all these arduous toils, I only presume to request a short line from you when you are satisfied that the Country is perfectly safe against external & internal foes.

"The Great Nation have now so much on their hands near at home & have succeeded so badly with their late invasions that I think you may for the present lay aside your fears of invasion. They mean now to have recourse to coaxing & dividing the people of America — the story now is that they never meant to quarrel with us, that they have always shown the greatest affection for us, but that *Pitt* & his Guineas & *John Adams* with his faction are combined to drive America into war to bring about a close alliance with England; that France is on her part & always has been very desirous to terminate all differences between the sister Repubs., In order to make this Tale go down in France & impose on their Slavish Allies, they fabricate intelligence from America, which is printed in their papers, some specimens of which I send by this conveyance to the Secry. of State. — They are now well convinced that they can do us no injury & that their cause is daily losing ground in the U. States, but they are stupidly taking the very course the most likely to irritate & widen the breach; deceived by their intolerable vanity & by the false intelligence of their partizans & they still assert that the op-

position to them is merely that of a party, headed by J. A.: latterly their *Gazettes* begin to hold the same language about Turkey; they say that the G. Seignor has been duped by the intrigues of Pitt & has been forced into a declaration of war against them, of which he will soon repent, & then gravely tell a ridiculous story, that the English Ambassr. at Constante. set fire to the City on which occasion it is customary for the Grand Sr. to go abroad & ride about the streets on horseback, & then a mob prepared for the purpose with Pitt's guineas shouted war with the French, that the G. S. was frightened & promised the populace he wod. declare war agst. the French. It is curious to see them abusing *John Adams* & the *Grand Seignor* at the same time nearly in the same manner; the fact is that abuse is the principle weapon they can wield agst. Turkey and the U. S. they fear a war with both, knowing they can't hurt them; yet at the time that they insult the constituted authorities, they profess great love for the two Nations; in that true spirit of inconsistency & folly, which characterizes all their proceedgs., while their *Gazettes* printed under the eye of the Directory contain sarcasms & lampoons about the G. Seignor, they have assured his Ambassador at Paris that he & his Suite shall continue to be respected tho the French Minister and all their Consuls are imprisoned in Turkey: this is a proof of their fear; how differently would they have acted towds. the smaller neighbouring powers? thus, in the same spirit, notwithstanding all our hostile measures, their conduct is placid and gentle towards us (except continuing to capture our Vessels) at least in language — they took off the Embargo, to show their reluctance for war, & it's said, have sent a proposal to our govt. to renew the negotiation in some neutral country — had they not dreaded a serious rupture with us, how they would have bounced on hearing of only the mildest of our acts against them?

"The destruction of their Toulon fleet was a severe blow — five of the prizes are here, & (by way of compliment to me I presume) the *Franklin* is anchored immedy. before my house: She is a very fine ship, but dreadfully battered. They have since lost the *Hoche*, line of battle ship & some frigates on their way to Ireland, & may they go on losing in the same way till

they learn to do Justice to the rest of the world & particy. our Country is the prayer of Yours very sincy."

All was not serious even in those warlike times and in a letter sent on Dec. 22, Smith shows the sportive side of diplomacy:

"The Portuge. Ambassador, with his Confessor, Secy. of Legation private Secy. & a suite of sixteen persons is returned from Paris where he had the pleasure of spending a *fortnight*—some years ago an ingenious writer published a little work called "the *Quinzaine Anglaise*;" it was the brief history of a young milord Anglais who in a fortnights sojourn in Paris spent all his fortune & ruined his constitution; the Portugese quinzaine would be I think equally instructive & entertaining—as a specimen—the Secy. of Legation who is an acquaintance of mine dined with me yesterday & among a variety of curious anecdotes told me the following. I asked him if he had seen my old friend T— & what he thought of his abilities? oh yes said he I dined in company with him at the — Minister's, where he arrived with a lady in his carriage to whom he is attached at half after five, & after dinner we all played at Colin maille, (blindman's buff); I was first blinded & I soon caught the C. M. — '*ex pede Herculem*;' now what think you of a parcel of grave Ambassadors, &c &c playing very innocently at blindman's buff—and yet was not the game analogous to many of the parties? what are most modern negotiations but a game of blindman's buff, where each party, hoodwinked in turn, is groping in the dark to catch his adversaries?"

Shortly before Congress assembled McHenry wrote Smith concerning the subjects on which the President's speech would touch and in answer on Feb. 2, 1799, Smith expressed even stronger sentiments than before against the French:

"After your Letter which I last answered I did not flatter myself with so early a further proof of your friendship as I recd. by yours of 30th Nov., in wch you gave me a pleasing anticipation of the Speech. Since reading that, I have recd. the Speech it-self & the answers of the two houses; they are just what they

ought to be on the hypothesis that war ought to be declared, for which I presume good reasons exist, tho I confess the policy of it is not so obvious to me.

"It has occurred to me, in contemplatg. the subject that we shod. be placed, by a declarn of war, in a much more eligible situation than we are now in; 1st. the govt. would carry into full operation the Act concerning Alien Enemies, 2d the measures of defence would be more vigorous, concentrated & united & the national spirit more directed to one great object, abandoning domestic dissensions, 3dly. the Commerce of the U. S. wod. be more protected — at present, our Vessels sail about the European Seas with little or no protection & multitudes of them are captured & condemned; not being in a state of war, our merchants & captains vainly flatter themselves that muster rolls & registers will protect them, & notwithstanding the examples before their eyes, the delusion continues; they catch at every silly story, or paragraph in a letter or newspaper & are perpetually cajoled by the delusive promises of the French agents. The elections in the Southern States afford much consolation for some disgraceful events; I see you are likely to have some trouble with Kentucky & Virginia, which the agents of the Directory wish to convert into an American La Vendée & when schemes are ripe to make the medium of their attack on our liberties. In this mode they began with Switzerland, exciting rebellion in the Valais & then marching troops to assist the friends of liberty:— tho I have no doubt of their designs, I don't fear the result — you have wisdom & foresight in the gov't & a spirit of independce. in the people which will frustrate these nefarious schemes. The agents of France, finding that love for that country is no longer the order of the day in the U. S., change their conduct — preserving their ambition, tho cloaked under exterior professions of friendship, they will excite sedition & rebellion, under pretence of oppression, as in Ireland, & when they have inspired a portion of the people with a hatred of their own govt. then they'll offer aid: I hope these views are now well understood in America: There will be no fear of an invasion, unless the above plan succeeds; shod' the discontents spread along the western fron-

tier, without doubt an attack will be made in that quarter: with these apprehensions, an army of regulars is necessary — nay indispensable, but the shortness of the session & other causes will, I fear, leave the requisite measures very incomplete. At a late entertain't. given at Madrid by the French Embassador, Col. Humphries was not invited, but classed with the Sardinian & Neapoln. ministers whose respective Sovereigns are probably by this time banished to Sicily & Sardinia to end their days in obscurity. So much for pacific professions!—

"I see by the late French papers that the minister of war, complains sadly of desertions; he says, the conscripts march fast enough, when called out, but that they desert immedy. after. The minister of finance. on his side complains of the emptiness of the Treasury — more plunder must be sought — they have already ransacked Piedmont, they'll probably soon have Naples, & then they'll try their hands at Spain & Portugal. — In the mean-time, my dr Sir go on organizing your "gros bataillons" or our turn will come next."—

In the last letter of the series, written on Dec. 26, 1799, Smith alludes with regret to the victory of the Republicans in Pennsylvania by which Thomas McKean, the Republican candidate, was elected governor. He also refers to Adams' new mission to France and hopes that it may succeed, alluding pleasantly to Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut, one of its members. A request is made that George Izard be made Secretary of Legation. He was a lieutenant in the army and Smith had frequently urged his promotion.

"Your letter which was delivd. to me by Govr. Davie, tho it contained some disagble. intelligence respecting our domestic affairs, could not fail to give me much pleasure by evincing to me the continuance of your friendship, which I so much value. I was much flattered to find that, in the midst of your important & numerous duties, you were desirous of manifesting that friendship by sending me those interesting details, which you knew would be so gratifying to my curiosity.

"I lament exceedy. the turn the election took in Pensylva. &

find no consolation but in the hope that it will stimulate our friends to greater exertions in future. With respect to the mission to France, without recurring to useless speculations as to it's originl. propriety & satisfied that it owes its birth to the purest principles of patriotism, We must now hope that a speedy general peace or a radical change in the principles of the French rulers will be the means of soon uniting all our friends in it's approbr. — Opposition to or condemnation of it can certainly now render no benefit to our country; I therefore presume our friends by this time acquiesce in it. The last revoln. in France seems to reject jacobinic & to lean sharply towards monarchic principles; whether it will progress in that train or be subject like all the former to a Reaction I will not yet venture to say — it is undoubtly. bottomed on more real power than any of its predecessors. Some think Bonaparte will prove in the end a General Monck, others that he will act the part of Oliver Cromwell — time will discover; at any rate, as far as relates to us, I trust that our Connect. Oliver, aided by his colleagues, will be more than a match for the Corsican Oliver. — After a long State of suspense & uncertainty, it seems finally resolved that my friend Murray's trip to Paris is to knock up mine to Conste. I have written M. that I bear him no grudge for this for, tho my little talent is fast rusting in the scabbard, I lead a quiet, easy life — enough of the Otium, I will not add, cum dignitate: perhaps I shod. have remained more contented with this insipid & tranquil scene, had not my ambition been awakened by nominations to the Sublime Porte & projects of missions to the King of the two Sicilies &C &C or had the recollection occurred from time to time that I had the option between Holland & Portugal & chose the latter; I often review in my mind some conversations we had on this subject.

"I must now submit with a good grace to the course of events & be content with the present, without ceasing to hope for somethg. better — whether I am to be exposed to Earthquakes, Plagues or volcanos, I shall be always grateful for what has been done.

"You know that my little chagrin was not a little encreased

by the loss of my excellent friend Pickering — perhaps you don't know that I have offered his place to my brother in law, George Izard: can you possibly make any arrangement whereby he may serve me for a short time as Secretary, without losing his rank?
You wod. render me much service—

Adieu—very sincy & truly yrs
W. S."

BERNARD C. STEINER.

Enoch Pratt Free Library, Baltimore.

REVIEWS

FICTION

A MAID OF JAPAN. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1905. \$1.25.

One is glad to lose himself in the charm of this little idyl of the "Sunset Kingdom." The love story is tender and fanciful and Himé, the shell-gatherer in her poetic setting and simple purity is akin to Andersen's little mermaid who became mortal for love of a human being. The author through long residence and interest in Japan has knowledge to give generously for the necessary practical setting of her story, and the portrayals are realistically done. We regret, however, that it has seemed to her good to make her young Japanese professor, a Princeton graduate, use a form of English which we are quite sure no reputable American student employs so extensively, although he may have such an acquaintance.

LOSERS' LUCK. Being the Questionable Enterprises of a Yachtsman, a Princess, and Certain Filibusters in Central America. By Charles Tenney Jackson. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1905. \$1.50.

The author plunges us at once *in medias res*, and it cannot be positively asserted that it is at any point in the book the reader's good fortune to find himself sufficiently clear of hurrying events to grasp intelligently the situation. However that may be, there is cause for confusion. A young westerner goes aboard his yacht in San Francisco with some friends to look it over preparatory to sailing the following morning to Tahiti. As he gets aboard, the consul from Guatemala and a Lieutenant of the United States Army arrive with a search warrant, and the boat is found to be loaded with guns and ammunition. Before the paralysing effect of this can be shaken off, the Guatemalan is thrown overboard and the yacht pulls out under full steam. The owner's party is a curiously composite body consisting of a professor, the owner himself who the author leads us to suppose can not be classified, and a curious half-simple, half-intelligent follower of his, Danny. These men discover themselves prison-

ers of Gautemalan natives led by a princess, descendant of the Montezumas, who expects to overturn the existing government in her native land and create an empire. Certainly there is material enough for interest. The style has a roughly humorous, epigrammatic quality, as when the professor who tells the story says of the yacht owner—when they suddenly find themselves *no-lens volens* cleaving the waters of the Pacific at full speed—"a recollection of a certain evil reputation this man had long since taken to himself of involving his friends in all sorts of asinine affairs came to me." With a tranquillity characteristic of his profession he adds, "Personally I would not care for a career of adventure; one is liable to break one's glasses." In another place he states that there never were but two women who had a sense of humor. With truly commendable foresight he saves himself by not naming the women.

THE VENUS OF CADIZ. An Extravaganza. By Richard Fisguill, Author of "Mazell." New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1905.

"The Venus of Cadiz" is not only comedy but very light comedy written with quick pen-strokes, a word here, a phrase there, exclamation, question, parenthesis, dash; and yet there is definitely developed a narrative, character portrayal, and a dénouement satisfactory to the parties involved. The work is distinctly from a southern pen and as distinctly from a pen *qui s'amuse*. There are not only the touches of local color, but the bubbling over utterly regardlessly of a devil-may-care joviality which actually was a characteristic of a certain before-the-war southern type, the direct descendant of the English landed gentleman. William Byrd was the prototype in this country and outside of Virginia his successors matured best in the author's own State, Kentucky, of the blue-grass, the Bourbon, and the thorough-bred.

THE PROFESSOR'S LEGACY. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1905. \$1.50.

"The Professor's Legacy" is his only child, a motherless daughter whom at his death he leaves to his one trusted friend, a young Englishman, who has sought out the savant at his home in a small German town and been for many years his pupil and

co-worker. It is necessary and her father's dying wish that the young girl be separated from an aunt, a remarkably heartless and manœuvring young widow. The guardian promptly marries his ward without its being very clearly stated that he loves her and with the distinct idea that she loves another man. The usual number of misunderstandings ensue, all, however, finding a happy solution in a mutual winning of the right hearts. The plot lacks originality and the portrayals vividness. At the same time the book reads pleasantly and the characters attract and interest, especially Christian Witt, the big-hearted, explosive German musician whom the women all love despite his best endeavors.

The most noticeable quality of the book is its crisp conversation which is indulged in by the speakers with no recollection of its being the art whereby thoughts are concealed.

THE BELTED SEAS. By Arthur Colton. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1905. \$1.50.

This volume comprises a series of narratives, experiences of an old salt, told around the fire of a seaman's hotel one stormy winter afternoon. They are in a sense detached yet centre around one or another of the few original characters who started out together on a smuggling craft, the *Hebe Maitland*. The narrator is a Captain Buckingham who tells his stories quietly, impersonally, yet with a dry humor and homely pathos that are very attractive. The sketch of the professor of *allerlei wissenschaft* and his scientific study of *Liebchen* and *Veronica* give opportunity for the display of much shrewd wit. "The Hotel Helen Mar" is an incident of Yankee ingenuity and business perspicacity which won the success it got, while "King Julius" deserved for his daring conception a better fate than befell him. There is just the glimmer of a love story at the beginning and the end, possibly to emphasize the fact that after all woman and home are somewhere in every mind even though one may sail the belted seas and know the strange things of our southern continent and the wild Pacific Islands. Arthur Colton's work is always clean, sincere and full of sympathy, whether in pathos or kindly fun.

AFTER THE DIVORCE. A Romance. By Grazia Deledda. Translated from the Italian by Maria Hornor Lansdale. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1905. \$1.50.

The title of this book sounds to us a little bald; for, although we have divorces, we do not yet speak of them without reserve, and in addition it is not particularly pertinent to the real matter of the book, though it must be admitted that the drama really has its course after the divorce. The story is one of modern Sardinia in which both the lowest and the middle-class life are treated. There is in it that awful inevitability characteristic of life in any badly administered country, a sort of stoical endurance such as Tolstoi loves to depict and also the brutality of the soil and animal which Zola has made his own.

A brave, healthy young peasant has happily married a very pretty girl of his class when he is accused of the murder of an uncle and sentenced to twenty-seven years penal servitude. In a few years the wife's mother has bargained her off to a wealthy neighbor who has always loved her and they marry after she has gotten a divorce. The first husband is found innocent of crime and being set free comes home and shortly resumes relations with his former wife. He is set upon and stabbed, but recovers to find his wife's husband dead. Then they re-marry and live happily together. The book is dramatic and tragic, but the power of the author is not sufficient to control the situation at times. Much is necessarily lost, however, in translating works of this class, as English is not an adequate vehicle of expression for certain phases of life which in French or Italian pass smoothly enough.

THE MORALS OF MARCUS ORDEYNE. A Novel. By William J. Locke. John Lane: The Bodley Head, New York and London, 1905. \$1.50.

The novel opens with the expressed intention on the part of Marcus Ordeyne to write the history of his "extravagant adventure," which he does by expanding the rough notes of a diary written contemporaneously with the events recorded in the book. The first date celebrates his release from captivity; for seven years he had been free from the degrading influences of Jones Minor and the First Book of Euclid. He writes, "some men

find the modern English boy stimulating and the old Egyptian humorous. Such are the born schoolmasters, and schoolmasters like poets *nascuntur non fiunt*. What I was born for, passes my ingenuity to fathom." The release from the captivity of teaching denoted the inheritance of fortune, and there was then no need for him to have been born for anything. Being endowed with good taste, that and his fortune soon established him delightfully with a French cook and a valet in a house in London. The morals alluded to being comfortable, though not violent, he has a friend, one of the best portrayals in the book, gifted with "a perception exquisitely keen into the heart of Truth," who always welcomes him to a perfectly appointed home of her own. Thus we find him leading a happy life of dilettantism, making a special study of the Cinque Cento and writing a "History of Renaissance Morals." Into this perfect and peaceful existence is precipitated a creature whom he ironically terms a Light of the Harem, an English girl raised in a harem in Asia Minor. She has made an innocent elopement to London with a young Englishman, a married man, who blows his brains out rather than face the consequences of deceiving her and disgracing himself. The girl, roaming around lost, attaches herself to Marcus Ordeyne, and he is led gradually into adopting her. The story, one of sixteenth century influence at least controlled by fairly good English morals, is very interesting and novel reading. One of the characters says to Marcus Ordeyne, "it is your way to moralise whimsically on everything as if you were a disconnected intelligence outside the universe," and that tendency does cause cynical divagations which become at times wearing. However, the work is seriously done, the characters carefully and strongly developed, and the whole enlivened by the cynical humor of the leading character.

A THIEF IN THE NIGHT. Further Adventures of A. J. Raffles, Cricketer and Cracksman. By E. W. Hornung. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1905. \$1.50.

Despite the fact that Kyrle Bellew as the "Amateur Cracksman" drew crowded houses in a New York theatre for a season or more, and some of the gentleman burglars of the past year or two have sworn they were incited to their deeds by the daring-

do of A. J. Raffles, honesty compels the statement that this additional volume is one too many in a school of literature that cannot possibly elevate the human race, or even interest persons of average good taste. This particular volume lacks the spirit of first treatment of the subject, and Raffles like Sherlock Holmes is very evidently dragging out a miserable and mentally attenuated existence for the money that is in him.

POLE BAKER. A Novel. By Will N. Harben. New York and London: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 1905. \$1.50.

Pole Baker, whom we have already known as an unimportant character in a former novel by Mr. Harben, asserts his rights now and has easily the leading personality in the book bearing his name. The story really centres around a young man who has grown up in, but is not altogether of, this rural North Georgia community, and between him and Pole Baker exists an alliance defensive and occasionally offensive — a connection that furnishes ample opportunity for the exercise of Pole Baker's innate fine feeling and large store of worldly wisdom. Mr. Harben has an unusual insight into the character and life of the mountain class, and his work in this field in his State is peculiarly his own. He is less happy in his treatment of Nelson Floyd and others of the better class of society and it is regrettable that in the same volume the contrast should be obvious between his strong and difficult interpretative work on the mountaineer and his artificial treatment of people in average society.

POETRY

PEACE AND OTHER POEMS. By Arthur Christopher Benson, Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge. New York: John Lane, 1905.

Mr. Benson is not unknown as a poet. He has published several booklets of verse before — "Poems," "Lyrics," "Lord Vyet and Other Poems," and "The Professor and Other Poems." Deep feeling, a pensive thoughtfulness, and experience, are the qualities of his verse. He may write in a minor

key, but possesses beyond doubt the true lyric note. The first stanza of his "Prelude" sounds his most natural feeling:

Once again the faltering string
Trembles to my eager hand;
I would speak the gracious thing
That I grow to understand.

In "Peace," the longest of the present poems, "Peace, divinely bright, unconquerable peace," which gives its name to the booklet, are such lines as "The shadowy hills of hope beyond the golden tide" and "Fades to a gentle tale among the shadowy years." This attitude is pensive, but it is also very graceful. The poems abound in description and Mr. Benson is peculiarly sensitive to effects of color, in a feeling for sunsets, for hill and burn side. The joy in simple things, in seeing these objects, and transforming them by imagination and reflection, leads the poet to a spiritual contentment, which may be said to constitute his philosophy of life.

MUSA VERTICORDIA. By Francis Coutts. New York: John Lane, 1905.

As much cannot be said of Mr. Coutts' little volume. It is a different atmosphere we are called upon to enter—not lyric, but one of satiric verse. The several occasional poems seem least successful. They are clear enough in sentiment, high enough in feeling, the author does not hesitate to express the most piquant views, but the expression seems too often eccentric and not inevitable, and so is not poetic, as verse. Mr. Coutts' genius is personal rather than sheerly poetical, and is best shown in the epigram, in the sparkle of the pointed antithesis, in the adjustment of the unexpected—all qualities which show at their best in his "Spanish Folk Rhymes."

THE CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT. A Book of Poems. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Robinson's "Book of Poems," has received a new edition, seemingly due to President Roosevelt's recent discovery of this "new" poet. Most of the contents, here rearranged, was virtually published before in 1896 and 1897, being privately printed by the Riverside Press for the author, who lived in Gardiner,

Maine. "The Torrent and the Night Before," as the volume was then called, from its first and last poems, was reviewed at some length in *THE SEWANEE REVIEW* for April, 1897, nearly nine years ago, where the merits of many of these poems were then pointed out, and the author praised for "a knowledge of the technique of his art and a love for it." The poem which now gives the title to this present volume, "The Children of the Night," was expressly singled out in that review, and many of the sonnets were praised, especially those to Matthew Arnold, Crabbe, Hood, Thomas Hardy, Verlaine, and "Horace to Leucanoë." We call renewed attention both to the reissue of these poems and to the discriminating review of them at the time.

ONE HUNDRED BEST AMERICAN POEMS. Selected by John R. Howard. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

The "One Hundred Best American Poems," selected by John R. Howard, is a companion booklet to the attractive "One Hundred Best English Poems" issued by the Crowells a year ago, but with more questionable results. The one hundred poems are very evenly distributed among sixty-two "American poets," and an analysis of this distribution is not without interest.

The frontispiece, a picture of Longfellow, shows the emphasis laid by the collector on that representative of American home-life and culture, which is borne out by the inclusion of as many as six poems from Longfellow. These six are: "Hymn to the Night," "The Arsenal at Springfield," "The Fire of Driftwood," "Resignation," "Sea-weed," and "The Day is Done." Five poems represent Bryant, there are five also from Emerson and five from Whittier. Holmes and Lowell have four each. Poe and Whitman have each three and Lanier two. Also the following have been accorded two selections: Emily Dickinson, Joseph Rodman Drake, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Paul Hamilton Hayne, T. Buchanan Read, Richard Henry Stoddard, Bayard Taylor, and N. P. Willis. This leaves forty-five names represented by one poem each.

It is a valuable collection, but from the nature of the case, it is a more difficult collection to make than the one hundred poems from English literature. The history of American poet-

ry is, after all, in its length and breadth the history of the commonplace— aspiration and effort without corresponding achievement. So much of it is on the same level— respectable, dignified, but not commanding. And so against the forty-five miscellaneous names included above, other forty-five names and poems might be given— just as characteristic, and just as lacking in the elements of real distinction.

A SATIRE ANTHOLOGY. Collected by Carolyn Wells. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1905.

Carolyn Wells gives us in this another of her pleasing collections of poetry. In the introduction is offered a varying interpretation of the meaning and nature of satire which is more ingenuous than classic. The author says among other things that "satire depends upon the reader. What seems satire to a pessimistic mind may seem merely good-natured chaff to an optimist." All of us who know and are fond of Carolyn Wells know her for a lovable optimist. We know, too, that she is a sincere worker; now much of her satire anthology is "good-natured chaff" without even a remote relationship to the genuine cruel satire. Shall we therefore yield her the human right to be occasionally a pessimist? Apart from the matter of a name, the collection is extremely enjoyable, and it is interesting to see a goodly number of poems of present day humorists, although the first number is Aristophanes' "Chorus of Women."

BIOGRAPHY

THE APOTHEOSIS OF A LIVING WRITER.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON: POET, NOVELIST, CRITIC. By James Douglas. With twenty-four illustrations. New York: John Lane.

It is something unusual to tell the life of a man of letters while yet alive; and it is hardly questionable that the custom were also in this case better honored in the breach than in the observance. Not that Mr. Watts-Dunton will not ultimately deserve a biography; but it will then be, doubtless, a biography of a very different sort. Mr. Douglas is a true hero-worshipper;

and while we may not object to hero-worship in itself, we may find fault with the manner in which it is done and the extent to which it is carried.

If Mr. Douglas had only condensed — or rather, if some one else had, for obviously Mr. Douglas could not — if he had made a pointed biography of not more than two hundred pages, as in a volume of the English Men of Letters, instead of the formless bulk of nearly five hundred pages which we have ; had he then enumerated his enthusiasms and summed up his conclusions — such a work (provided the subject were already passed away, and we wish Mr. Watts-Dunton no harm) were well worth while.

Instead of this, what do we get? The subject of the volume is "the Master." Every word "the Master" writes in the most trivial note must be treasured up and reproduced, when often the mere gist or content would have done. This practice wearies by its very iterative reverence.

Yet, how rich materials for an interesting biography are here! The friendship with the pre-Raphaelites ; the chapters on Swinburne, William Morris, and Burne-Jones ; the gypsies, both on the East Shore and in Wales ; the Principles of Criticism, the splendid Essay on Poetry in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the *Athenæum* papers, the philosophy of life embodied in the novel "Aylwin," the reverent and almost pagan-like worship of Nature, the Benignant Mother, a sheaf of Sonnets written on occasions from time to time, the life at "The Pines" with the poet Swinburne, etc., etc. Had all this been told of pleasantly, lucidly, concisely ; and in good proportion, there could be no quarrel. There is plenty of good material ; but, as it stands, the book is just twice too long, with its padding and ceaseless adoration. Even the nature of the illustrations enhances this fault. The prevailing air is too much that of a guide showing us through a palace or a cathedral, and we are continually called upon to sympathize with the author-guide's Ah's! and Oh's! and heave many pious ejaculations of wonder. We are shown little interiors here and there — chairs and books and pictures, a cabinet, a carved mirror, or a divan. What can be in worse taste? And it almost puts us out of humor with Mr. Watts-Dunton

himself, who permits this, yet whose work we, like others, have found stimulating and helpful, and at times brilliant. Mr. Douglas evidently has no sense of humor and proportion; but has Mr. Watts-Dunton none?

AN ANCIENT AND A MODERN PHILOSOPHICAL THINKER.

SOCRATES. By Rev. J. T. Forbes, M.A. *The World's Epoch-Makers*, Edited by Oliphant Smeaton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

ERNEST RENAN. By William Barry, D.D. *Literary Lives*. Edited by W. Robertson Nicoll. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

A work on Socrates must always of necessity emphasize his teaching, its spirit, its method, and its conclusions and results. But intimately associated with this teaching is the life of Socrates, and still more so his death. For from the point of view of the religion and law of the Athenian State, the question is obtruded upon us, Was this death that of a martyr or a criminal?

To answer this question Mr. Forbes enters into a careful and somewhat minute discussion of the civic ideals and religious demands of the Athenian Greek, and finds this best expounded in the attitude toward religion and state by the three great dramatists, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. As is known, Socrates was antagonized and ridiculed by Aristophanes, who also antagonized the last of the three dramatists, Euripides, on somewhat the same grounds of rejection of belief in the gods and hostility to the existing order of things.

What then was Socrates' relation to the philosophers who preceded him? What was his relation to the existing doctrines of the State and the common Faith? How far are the pictures by Xenophon and Plato to be accepted or to be modified? That Socrates was a reformer, and so had made enemies and would be misunderstood and would bring down upon him both the honest and the scurrilous opposition of many, is undoubtedly; but is it proved that he was irreligious and taught others to be so, however enquiring and analytic his mental habits? Our author thinks not, and tries to set forth his reasons with impartiality and a close study of existing conditions. "His lifelong aim was to exploit a new soul in Athens." "Character must be

built on knowledge." But "it was not to the average man that Socrates made his appeal." And thus came about the tragedy, upon which Plato commented in his *Phaedo*: "Such was the end . . . of our friend; concerning whom I may truly say, that of all the men of his time whom I have known, he was the wisest, and justest, and best."

In passing from Socrates to Renan we jump over many ages and many peoples; yet both men were at least alike in that both were persecuted on account of religious questions, and both were devoted, in however different phases, to the life of knowledge and reason. Renan was held to be the most brilliant Frenchman of his age, and his life entirely reflects that age. A Breton peasant, educated for the Church, he suffered an eclipse of faith, devoting himself passionately to his studies, exalting the conclusions of the reason to the utter exclusion of all matters of faith.

Renan visited Galilee and, carried away by his methods, he portrayed the background of Palestine vividly and Christ as the central peasant figure in the landscape. This resulted in his remarkable *Vie de Jésus* (Life of Christ) in 1863. The same method was employed in the East and in Rome in another remarkable volume "In St. Paul's Footsteps." His purpose was to realize, to materialize, St. Paul and Christ. In the very boldness and picturesqueness of his method, apart from his genius, he would have won a notable success. It was a veritable romance in biography he was achieving. Thus our author taxes Renan for portraying Paul before the Areopagus as a small, ugly Jew condemning beauty and denouncing Athens for its monuments and "idols."

Our author, it will be seen, while interesting and able, is not always sympathetic. The most brilliant piece of exposition by Renan he believes to be the interpretation of St. John's Revelation: its subject is the Roman Empire and Nero is Antichrist.

The solitariness of Renan—in heart and in mind—especially after the death of his devoted sister, is emphasized; and the author believes that the French war of 1870 made a profound impression upon him and in many ways changed his whole character. He became then a man for peace at any price; and his

tone afterwards developed even into the frivolous. Dr. Barry gives a luminous, interesting and consistent view of the man, whether it be the right approach or not. The book is especially worthy of note as the study of a rationalist, admittedly great and splendid, by one who still accepts revelation and conserves his faith.

ESSAYS AND DISCOURSES

GREATNESS IN LITERATURE and Other Papers. By W. P. Trent. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., 1905.

ESSAYS IN APPLICATION. By Henry van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1905.

The difference in spirit and in subject matter between these two volumes of essays that have appeared simultaneously—one from the pen of a professor of English Literature in Columbia University and the other by the holder of a similar position in Princeton University—is well expressed in the title and is borne out in the contents, a series respectively of eight and twelve papers, essays, and addresses.

Professor Trent has brought together in his new volume eight essays under the title of the first of the series, "Greatness in Literature." Most of them have been papers before the English Clubs of our several universities, or before bodies of students and teachers; and all deal with literary topics, i.e., discussions about literature. What are the tests whereby we know great literature? If the inspiration may have come unconsciously years ago from Matthew Arnold's critical essays, the treatment and the answer is wholly Mr. Trent's, and the same catholic principles and severity of standards are present. This lingering influence of Matthew Arnold may perhaps be best seen in the estimate of Chaucer—it will be found that more justice is done Chaucer in the notable essay on poetry in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* by Mr. Watts-Dunton.

"A Word for the Smaller Writers" is not for the less excellent ones, but for those who appeal to special tastes. "Popular Judgment" is again used only of the writers of a high order of achievement—as an element in determining their final place.

Two of these essays appeared in THE SEWANEE REVIEW: "The Aims and Methods of Literary Study," and "Teaching Literature." The spirit of literature, of the great masters, the love of poetry, a nice discrimination as to the best literature—these are the notes that run all through these essays. Wider reading among the best and a resulting higher catholic-mindedness are points emphasized in "Some Remarks on Modern Book Burning." The culmination rests in the last paper, "The Love of Poetry"—its great praise of the sixth *Odyssey*, and its eloquent conclusion. Professor Trent loves literary standards and the masters in literature for themselves, their poetry and eloquence, their distinction, their style; and one cannot keep company with him without catching something of this fine enthusiasm, however elusive he may be on definite points. It is the spirit, when not always the detailed judgments, of these essays which hold and charm.

Dr. van Dyke's new book of essays is very different in subject matter and method, being little sermons in prose. Professor Trent's text was the deeper appreciation of true literature and a widening catholicity of taste and judgment. Dr. van Dyke's discourses are applied to thinking as exemplified in right living, are addressed more to conduct and are intended for practical everyday audiences rather than for the academically trained. Indeed, this purpose leads the author or speaker to much that might be considered in strictly academic and literary circles questionable or unsound. There is too obviously an appeal to the emotions and sensibilities of a public audience.

Dr. van Dyke is what he himself would call a "meliorist" in distinction from a "pessimist," and his essays and addresses are intended to cheer and stimulate this wider public. He achieves this in treating such subjects as "Is the World Growing Better?" "The Heritage of American Ideals," "Books, Literature, and the People," "The Creative Ideal of Education," "The School of Life," etc. Reason, Religion, Service—the use of the highest things in life for the betterment of the individual and the world—this is his message. How far it touches the real issues, and how far it may at times be betrayed by an easy fluency—were hard to say.

THE FREEDOM OF AUTHORITY. Essays in Apologetics. By J. McBride Sterrett, D.D., the Head Professor of Philosophy in The George Washington University. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

In the volume before us Professor Sterrett has brought together a mass of more or less heterogeneous material, which, however, is linked together by a certain continuity of thought. His point of view is that of idealistic philosophy: his method may be described as a combination of that of Kant and that of Hegel, with a predominance of the Hegelian element. From this point of view and by this method he deals with diverse phases and products of contemporary thought, ranging over a large variety of subjects. The main thesis of the book is that the two principles of Reason and Authority, whether in religion or in philosophy or in life as a whole, are not incompatible, but rather, in the last analysis, coincide in a perfect unity. In other words, Professor Sterrett aims to show at once the authority of reason and the reason of authority.

Perhaps the most significant and valuable portion of the book is that which deals with those distinguished representatives of rationalistic thought, the Protestant scholars Harnack and the late Auguste Sabatier, and the Catholic M. Alfred Loisy. Sabatier and Harnack are dealt with in Chapter II; Loisy in Chapter III. Harnack's attempt to find an "Urchristenthum," or original Christianity by the process of abstraction, or, in other words, by reducing the Christian religion to a few simple original ideas held and taught by Jesus Himself, is strongly criticised. Dr. Sterrett maintains the concrete reality of Christianity as an organic, historical religion, which cannot be adequately understood from its first germinal beginnings, but must be studied in its realized actuality, as it has come down to us through the ages, embodied in the Church as an institution. The distinguished German historian is therefore faulted as applying to the study of Christianity a thoroughly unhistorical method.

The late M. Auguste Sabatier, sometime Dean of the Protestant Faculty of Theology in Paris, is known as an able and brilliant champion of freedom in theology. His position is fully set forth in his latest book published during his life-time, "Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit," in which

very title is implied the antithesis between authority and spirituality. In his explanation of the rise and development of dogma, M. Sabatier follows the psychological method. Dogmas are the product of the human spirit in its gradual and progressive apprehension of truth. Their value, their authority is purely relative. No sooner has a dogma been fully and adequately worked out, and cast into a formula or a definition than it has already begun to be effete and outworn. As against this purely subjective method Dr. Sterrett maintains the validity of that objective reason which is embodied in the institutions of society, the State and the Church; institutions which while they may indeed be regarded from one point of view as human developments, are yet, from a higher point of view seen to embody Divine truth, and to be manifestations of the life of the Divine Spirit.

M. Loisy occupies, as one would expect, a widely different position from Sabatier and Harnack. His conception of Christianity is neither that of a colorless abstraction, composed of a few general conceptions, nor is it that of a changing current of ideas whose outward expression is constantly being revised and modified. Rather does Loisy regard Christianity as an objective institution, which he identifies with the empirical Roman Catholic Church. While Harnack in answering the question, "What is Christianity?" confines himself to the historical beginnings of the Christian religion in the life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, treating of these from the humanitarian point of view, and thus sacrificing the supernatural to the natural, precisely the opposite is the course pursued by M. Loisy. The latter finds in Christianity a transcendent, supernatural system; to his mind Christian dogmas have no necessary or vital connection with the natural, historical fact. The resurrection of Christ, for example, is to be regarded not as a fact in the historical order, but as a truth in the spiritual order; it is not susceptible of proof by the "scientific" method. No; for it is a truth, having its origin in faith, so makes its appeal to and establishes its validity by faith alone. The same is true of the Nicene dogma of the divinity of Jesus Christ; it is a product of the Christian consciousness, not a matter which is susceptible of scientific or

historical proof. It is interesting to note how the Catholic Loisy here approaches the subjectivism of the Protestant Sabatier. As Dr. Sterrett well points out,¹ while Loisy arrives at conclusions which are so diametrically opposed to those of Sabatier and of Harnack, yet his principles and his method are liable to the same criticism as are theirs. All three of these thinkers are charged with making an undue and improper use of the method of *abstraction*; their procedure is to pick out some one or another factor in the great complex datum of Christianity, and to emphasize that in a quite one-sided way. Harnack, for example, selects the naturalistic, humanistic side of the life and teachings of the Founder of Christianity, and eliminates the supernatural element. Sabatier gives an exclusively psychological explanation of the origin and development of dogma, overlooking its rational and synthetic unity, and its resultant authority. Loisy makes an absolute antithesis between Nature, Science and History on the one hand, and Spirit, Faith and Grace on the other; and then proceeds to develop his conception of religion purely upon the latter basis, without any admixture of so gross a thing as physical fact. The method of each and all of these three distinguished thinkers, as Dr. Sterrett so well and strongly argues, is unduly analytical and abstract. They either fail to recognize immanent Reason as existing in Nature and in History, or else they fail to perceive that same Reason as existing in Church and Creed; and in consequence no one of these brilliant minds succeeds in giving an adequate or satisfactory answer to the question, "What is Christianity?"

Having thus dealt in able and vigorous fashion with these theological and religious thinkers, Professor Sterrett in his fourth chapter deals with the present-day school of "scientific" historians, against whom he brings the indictment that they confine themselves unduly within the narrow limits of physical categories in the account which they give of human deeds and developments; neglecting those ideal and spiritual factors which have energized in all human progress.

From what has been said, it will perhaps be sufficiently apparent that the present volume is a worthy and valuable contribu-

¹"The Freedom of Authority," pp. 120-122.

tion to the discussion of many present-day problems of the greatest interest and importance. The remaining chapters of the book consist for the most part of reprints of former articles bearing upon the general subject of Reason and Authority in Religion, Ethics of Creed Conformity, etc. The result of this somewhat arbitrary combination of parts is that the work as a whole is lacking in unity. In its style the book betrays a certain degree of professorial mannerism and somewhat of the atmosphere of the lecture-room haunts its pages. One thing more (to complete the ungracious task of criticism) needs to be remarked; and that is, the evidence which the book gives, especially in certain parts, of very careless proof reading. We shall not cite instances; enough to say that they are numerous; a fact which is the more unfortunate in a volume which bears upon its title-page at once the well-known name of Sterrett as author and of Macmillan as publisher.

W. S. BISHOP.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MAN. By Robert Afton Holland, S.T.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York and London. 1905.

Dr. Holland's book owes its existence to a two-fold occasion. The substance of the discourses of which it consists was, as the author says, delivered, though in another form, in the year 1894 to the students of the University of Michigan, on the Slocum lectureship foundation; but, owing to ill-health on the part of the author, the lectures were not published at that time. "Six years afterwards, when Markham's thunderous poem" ("The Man with the Hoe") "was still reverberant, I (undertook) a course of sermons on the socialistic fallacies which that poem had set to stormful music." To this latter occasion the present volume owes its form. It may be described as the rhetorical and poetical utterance of a polemical divine against the chant of Socialism; an utterance fervid in spirit, brilliant in expression, and withal weighty in thought and argument; yet breathing somewhat more of the ardor of the advocate than of the calm impartiality of the judge. Yet a strong line of philosophical thought underlies the brilliant and rhetorical expression. Dr. Holland's intellectual stand-point is that of Hegel. Now Hegel, as is well

known, applied to human history and human institutions a dialectic which was at once critical and constructive. He was able to trace with acute insight, and to set forth with massive depth and breadth of exposition the reason which is immanent in the social and political institutions of man. But to many, if not to most minds to-day, Hegel's dialectic appears to have issued in a justification of that which *has been* and which *is*, rather than in a prophetic vision of that which *ought to be* and which *is to be*. It was a shrewd if caustic criticism upon the great speculative philosopher that the outcome of his system appeared to be, to all intents and purposes, the justification and vindication of the empirical Prussian State, as it existed in his day. Perhaps it is unreasonable to expect in a philosopher the peculiar gift and inspiration of the prophet and the seer. But does not this very fact of the limitations of the speculative method prove its inadequacy to the solution of such a problem as that of Socialism? For Socialism is still (to use the Hegelian language) in the process of *becoming*; it has not as yet organized itself except very partially; it has not as yet crystallized into institutions; it is still in the stage of Idea or Tendency. But it can hardly be denied that this tendency, this idea, this spirit is pregnant with issues of the future. The present-day trend is more and more away from individualism and towards collectivism. That is to say, the unmistakable trend of the present day is socialistic as contrasted with individualistic, i.e., in principle. Now in approaching this idea, this tendency, this spirit of socialism, Dr. Holland's attitude is thoroughly unsympathetic. That which has been and which is in human society and institution fills his horizon almost to the exclusion of that which is to be or which perchance ought to be. Dr. Holland shows himself in these pages as (if we may use such a phrase) a radical conservative. His thought has both the defects and the virtues of an uncompromising conservatism. As he himself expresses it in the concluding words of his Preface, he sets forth in these discourses his "faith in the present world as the shrine of the God who *is*, in distinction from the God who only *was* or *will be*." In these discourses we find brilliant special pleading in defence of the plutocrat, and an eloquent panegyric upon war, but we find scant sympathy expressed for the

hopes and aims and ideals of the laboring man. We may grant at once that the hopes and aims and ideals of the mass of the laboring population are vague and inchoate; we may grant that the working-man himself is only very partially conscious of what he would be and would have, still less of what he ought to be and ought to have. Yet is it not the part of those who have greater power and clearer vision to help the laborer to the realization and expression of that in him which is as yet only potential, but which is, notwithstanding, his truest self? It is true that in the course of his argument Dr. Holland does bring out into clear view and press home with forceful utterance many blunt facts and truths which ought not to be overlooked, but which are not infrequently overlooked by the merely sentimental philanthropist. It is true, again, that he does puncture many an inflated windbag of philanthropic sentiment, and in so far he succeeds in clearing up misapprehensions, and in bringing us back to the "hard pan" of concrete reality. But, nevertheless, his arguments leave the mind not wholly satisfied. One feels, indeed, that this or that particular communistic theory or Socialistic scheme may have been mercilessly criticised by the acute and brilliant author, and yet that the spirit of Socialism has not been effectively exorcised, nor its ghost effectively laid. And, in fact, can that spirit be exorcised or that ghost be laid by any "bell, book and candle" of priest or philosopher to-day? It is here; it is in the air; it penetrates the minds and informs the arguments even of those who most vigorously oppose it. Socialism may well appropriate to itself those words which Emerson put in the mouth of Brahma:

If the red slayer thinks he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

And further:

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings.

Socialism, when sympathetically understood and broadly interpreted means, as we understand it, the development and realization, both in thought and in deed, of the fundamental fact and

principle of human brotherhood and solidarity, with all which that implies. Is not this a legitimate undertaking? Nay! is it not the supreme duty laid upon us who live in the world of to-day? This great emprise may, indeed, be thwarted at this or that particular moment or under this or that particular set of circumstances, but as a whole it can neither be permanently withheld, nor ultimately defeated. Those who set themselves against this *Zeitgeist* can no more successfully cope with it than could Dame Partington with her mop keep back the ocean's advancing tide. The movement of human progress is not in a uniform direction, but it is oscillatory. For generations the pendulum had been swinging in the direction of individualism, *laissez faire*, and unrestricted competition. It is now swinging and for many a long day it will not cease to swing in the opposite direction, the direction of concerted effort and of corporate responsibility; in a word, towards the realization and application of what Professor Nash calls "the social conscience." Those who are wise in reading the signs of the times will know how to labor side by side and shoulder to shoulder with their fellows in attacking and endeavoring to solve in the spirit of love, coöperation and helpfulness the vast and intricate problems of our present-day American civilization.

W. S. BISHOP.

THE CITY, THE HOPE OF DEMOCRACY. By Frederic C. Howe, Ph.D.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

In many generations the South pursued an exclusively agricultural development, and, though the type of civilization thus evolved was characterized by many noble traits and has left an unique impression upon history, economically the experiment was a failure. Now, in the age of growing industrialism, before the vision of the South lies the certain prospect of rapid urban expansion. How shall the new conditions be met? As Southern cities one by one shake off their village habits and become dense marts of trade and smoky furnaces of manufacture, must phases of social misfortune, every inartistic blunder, every financial error, every political crime be repeated? The condition of many leading cities of the present South would seem, we fear,

to wring a melancholy assent from even confirmed political optimists.

But to him who has work to do, the story of what work has been done is ever grateful and of good cheer. Mr. Frederic C. Howe's work is a highly interesting book, which deals with the subject in a novel and suggestive way. The author has deliberately departed from the usual methods, either of sticking to the description of city governments, or of revealing their corruptions, which characterize most texts. Instead, the book refers the whole phenomena of the city's life to an economic interpretation. The book is a practical essay or series of essays directed to the understanding of the people rather than to the technical demands of the special student.

Of course it is the great cities of the North and East which are drawn upon for most of the illustrative examples both of evil and of good. But the manufacturer of Birmingham, the lawyer of Nashville, the officeholder of New Orleans will each recognize as more or less developed within his own municipality at least some of the problems or tendencies evidenced in the growth of others.

Mr. Howe does not run away from the evils of the city; he gives us no clap-trap about "the increasing commercialism of our time." He faces the dangers of the future at their very center and sees, notwithstanding the difficulties and discouragements which confront municipal reform, that where there is growth there is life, and that where there is life there is hope — the hope of democracy.

NOTES

The authorities of the South Carolina College, which celebrated its centennial a year ago, have collected the several speeches and published the proceedings in a substantial volume, "Proceedings of the Centennial of the South Carolina College, 1805-1905, January 8, 9, 10, 1905" (Columbia, S. C.: The State Co.), to serve as a permanent memorial of that occasion. The volume is adorned with numerous illustrations of the Campus, Buildings, Board of Trust, Faculty, and those upon whom honorary degrees were conferred. It is a worthy memorial of what was done and what was said both of the spirit of the past and of the hopes of the future in an institution whose history and hopes have been interwoven with the history of the State and thereby of the Nation.

An attractively printed volume has been issued from the University of Chicago Press as a Doctor's Thesis in English Literature. It bears for its subject "Lodowick Carliell, His Life, A Discussion of his Plays, and 'The Deserving Favourite,' a tragicomedy reprinted from the original edition of 1629 with Introduction and Notes by Charles H. Gray, Ass't Professor of English in the University of Kansas." With scholarly method and spirit the material is divided, as the title indicates, into a life of the playwright, a list of his plays, a discussion of these plays; then the chief play is singled out, its sources and the editions are treated; and finally the text of the play is given with textual criticisms and notes. Appendices reproduce documents bearing on the life and other points that could not be brought within the above scheme.

Another Doctor's Thesis on the subject of English Drama is that of Elmer Edgar Stoll's from the University of Munich on "John Webster: the Periods of his Work as determined by the relations to the Drama of his Day" (Harvard Coöperative Soci-

ety, Cambridge, Mass.) The original thesis has been enlarged and extended until it includes a detailed and thorough discussion of Webster's relations to the entire Elizabethan drama, especially to Marston and Tourneur, and the Tragedy of Revenge, with side lights on the early Elizabethans, Shakespeare, and the later Fletcher, Massinger and Heywood. As a contribution to Webster's life it seems to be proved that John Webster, the dramatist, was not John Webster, the clothworker or tailor, who died in 1625. The work was begun and continued under the guidance of four of the foremost scholars of the English drama: Professors Kittredge and Baker of Harvard, Professor Brandl of Berlin, and Professor Schick of Munich, and is a real contribution and addition to a neglected subject. In mere matter of printing, it may be added that the type is entirely too small and close to be pleasing.

"A Book for Children about our Lord Jesus Christ," arranged by the Rev. Charles Hart, Chaplain Priest of the House of Mercy, Clewer (Longmans, Green & Co.) is a handsome and charming little volume profusely illustrated by Agnes A. Hilton with the brilliant colouring and quaint style of the old missals and illuminations. The book is not written continuously but treats of events connected with the Life of Our Saviour. There are twenty-nine of these subjects, all separated and each arranged with a sketch of the incident, a little supplementary prayer or hymn or both on one page and immediately opposite the suitable illustration. Some of the subjects thus treated are "The Annunciation," "The Nativity," "The Tidings to the Shepherds," and others through "The Crucifixion," "The Resurrection," and "The Ascension." The only criticism suggesting itself is that the sketches are not always written with that tender simplicity of style needed to attract and hold the attention of the young.